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Pro-Slavery.

GOVERNOR HAMMOND'S LETTER ON SOUTHERN SLAVERY.

[CONCLUDED.]

The rise and progress of this fanaticism is one of the phenomena of the age in which we live. I do not intend to repeat what I have already said, or to trace its career more minutely at present. But the legislation of Great Britain will make it historical, and doubtless you must feel some curiosity to know how it will figure on the page of the annalist. I think I can tell you. Though I have accorded and do accord to you and your party great influence in bringing about the Parliamentary action of your country, you must not expect to go down to posterity as the only cause of it. Though *you* trace the progenitors of abolition from 1516 through a long stream with divers branches down to the period of its triumph in your country, it has not escaped contemporaries, and will not escape posterity, that England, without much effort, sustained the storm of its scoffs and threats until the moment arrived when she thought her colonies fully supplied with Africans; and declared against the Slave-Trade only when she deemed it unnecessary to her, and when her colonies, full of slaves, would have great advantages over others not so well furnished. Nor did she agree to West India emancipation until, discovering the error of her previous calculation, it became an object to have slaves free throughout the Western world, and, on the ruin of the sugar and cotton growers of America and the Islands, to build up her great Slave Empire in the East. While her indefatigable exertions, still continued to engraft the Right of Search upon the law of nations, on the plea of putting an end to the forever increasing Slave-Trade, are well understood to have chiefly in view the complete establishment of her supremacy at sea. On these points let me recommend you to consult a very able essay on the Slave-Trade and Right of Search by M. Jollivet, recently published; and as you say, since writing your Circular Letter, that you "burn to try your hand on another little essay, if a subject could be found," I propose you to "try" to answer this question, put by M. Jollivet to England: "*Pourquoi sa philanthropie n'a pas daigné, jusqu'a présent doubler le cap de Bonne-Espérance?*" Nor must you flatter yourself that your party will derive historic dignity from the names of the illustrious British statesmen who have acted with it. Their country's ends were theirs. They have stooped to use you, as the most illustrious men will sometimes use the vilest instruments, to accomplish their own purposes. A few philanthropic common places and rhetorical flourishes, "in the abstract," have secured them your "sweet voices," and your influence over the tribe of mawkish sentimentalists. Wilberforce may have been yours, but what was he besides, but a wealthy county member? You must therefore expect to stand on your own merits alone before posterity, or rather that portion of it that may be curious to trace the history of the Delusion which from time to time pass over the surface of human affairs, and who may trouble themselves to look through the ramifications of Transcendentalism in this era of extravagancies. And how do you expect to appear in their eyes? As Christians, piously endeavoring to enforce the will of God and carry out the principles of Christianity? Certainly not, since you deny or pervert the Scriptures in the doctrines you advance; and in your conduct furnish a glaring contrast to the examples of Christ and the Apostles. As Philanthropists, devoting yourselves to the cause of humanity, relieving the needy, comforting the afflicted, creating peace, and gladness and plenty, round about you? Certainly not; since you turn from the needy and the afflicted; from strife, sorrow and starvation which surrounds you; close your eyes and hands upon them; shut out from your thoughts and feelings the human misery which is real, tangible, and within your reach, to indulge your morbid imagination in conjuring up woes and wants among a strange people in distant lands, and offer them succor in the shape of costless denunciations of their best friends, or by scattering among them "firebrands, arrows, and death." Such folly and madness; such wild mockery and base imposture, can never win for you, in the sober judgment of future times, the name of philanthropists. Will you even be regarded as worthy citizens? Scarcely, when the purposes you have in view can only be achieved by revolutionizing governments and overturning social systems, and when you do not hesitate zealously and earnestly to recommend such measures. Be assured, then, that posterity will not regard the Abolitionists as Christians, philanthropists, or virtuous citizens. It will, I have no doubt, look upon the mass of the party as silly enthusiasts, led away by designing characters, as is the case with all parties that break from the great, acknowledged ties, which bind civilized man in fellowship. The leaders themselves will be regarded as *mere ambitious men;* not taking rank with those whose ambition is "eagle-winged and sky, aspiring," but belonging to that mean and selfish class who are instigated by rival-hating envy," and whose base thirst is for *notoriety;* who cloak their designs under the vile and impious hypocrisies, and, unable to shine in higher spheres, devote themselves to fanaticism, as a trade. And it will be perceived that, even in that, they shunned the highest walk. Religious fanaticism was an old established vocation, in which something brilliant was required to attract attention. They could not be George Foxes, nor Joanna Southcotes, nor even Joe Smiths. But the dullest pretender could discourse a jumble of pious bigotry, natural rights, and drivelling philanthropy. And, addressing himself to aged folly, and youthful vanity, to ancient women, to ill-gotten wealth, to the reckless of all classes who love excitement and change, offer all the cheapest and safest glory in the market. Hence, their numbers; and, from number and clamor, what impression they have made on the world.

Such I am persuaded is the light in which Abolitionists will be viewed by the posterity their history may reach. Unless, indeed—which God forbid—circumstances should so favor as to enable them to produce a convulsion which may elevate them higher on the "bad eminence" where they have placed themselves.

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
J. H. HAMMOND.

THOMAS CLARKSON, Esq.

NOTE.—The foregoing letters were not originally intended for publication. In preparing them for the press they have been revised. The alterations and corrections made however, have been mostly verbal. Had the writer felt at liberty to condense the two letters into one, and bring up the history of abolition to the period of publication, he might have presented a more concise and perfect argument, and illustrated his views more forcibly by reference to facts recently developed. For example, since writing the first, the letter of Mr. Clarkson, as President of the British Anti-Slavery Society, to Sir Robert Peel, denouncing the whole scheme of "Immigration," has reached him; and after he had forwarded the last, he saw it stated that Mr. Clarkson had, as late as the first part of April, addressed the Earl of Aberdeen, and declared that all efforts to suppress the African Slave-Trade had fully failed. It may be confidently expected that it will be ere long announced from the same quarter, that the "experiment" of West-India emancipation has also proved a complete abortion.

Should the terms which have been applied to the Abolitionists appear to any as unduly severe, let it be remembered that the direct aim of these people is to destroy us by the most shocking of all processes; and that, having a large portion of the civilized world for their audience, they daily and systematically heap upon us the vilest calumnies and most unmitigated abuse. Clergymen lay aside their Bibles, and females unsex themselves to carry on this horrid warfare against slaveholders.

Selections.

From the American Review.

CASES OF CONSCIENCE.—POLITICAL ABOLITIONISM.

[CONCLUDED.]

Varying somewhat, from any of the above, but running parallel to them all, may be supposed to be the case of interpretation—in which the taker differs from the imposer, or from the opinions of others interested in the performance, and there is no common arbiter, submission to whose decree, (as is the fact, in regard to our Constitution,) enters into the implied substance of the oath itself.

The case of Mr. Birney and his followers, however, presents features widely diverse from every one of these. There is no plea of impossibility of performance. There can be no allegation of any mistake, as to facts subsequently discovered. It is not the condition of a man, who, in a state of ignorance or stupidity, swears to do what he afterwards discovers to be wrong. Mr. Birney prides himself in having a conscience always wide awake. It is not a question of interpretation, when one professes, at least, to be willing to observe the *whole* instrument, although party madness, or other causes, may have strongly biased him to a false construction. This chapter of political ethics, has indeed, presented some most strange and almost inexplicable phenomena. There have been those rigid constructionists, who have strained most piteously at the smallest harbor-bill for the improvement of navigation between the States, and yet have professed themselves able and willing to swallow all Mexico.—There have been inexplicable State Rights men, who know of no power in the Constitution, to require an election of members of Congress by districts, and yet find ample authority to vary the very foundations of the original Federal compact—and, by the summary process of joint resolution, to receive a foreign people, to join hereafter in the same stale cry of strict construction, whenever such a course shall tend to throw farther restrictions upon the prosperity of the earlier members of the confederacy. There have been other still more unaccountable exhibitions of the human intellect, and the human conscience, in men who regard the distribution of the annual proceeds of the public lands among our own impoverished States, as one of the most glaring and dangerous breaches of the Constitution, whilst at the same time they find the most undoubted power to pay the unknown millions of the debt of Texas. These cases we say are inexplicable, or only to be resolved on the ground of some strange obliquity which party madness generates in the human conscience, yet still even the men who act in this unaccountable manner, do, in profession at least, declare their adherence to the *whole* Constitution, and its provisions as *they understand them.*

Mr. Birney takes shelter under no such plea of honest difference of interpretation. He boldly avows his willingness to take an *unqualified* oath to support and execute a Constitution and laws containing provisions which he does not intend to execute.—Such provision being, at the time, well known to him, their true meaning undisputed by him, and the guilt which they involve, (if there be any such guilt,) as clearly presented to his conscience when he positively swears to their observance, as it can be at any subsequent period. No reservation being made, or allowed, it is the same as though he should promise to perform each act *separately and specifically*—or as though it were thus administered:

"I, James Birney do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God, that as President of these United States, I will fully and faithfully cause to be executed, according to their true intent and meaning, those clauses in the Constitution, and all laws made in pursuance thereof, which require the arrest and return of fugitive slaves, and also that I will at any time, when circumstances require it, call out the military force of these United States, and employ it for the suppression of any attempt, made by the slaves of any of the States, to rise against their masters and recover their liberty by force."

Here is a case, reader, which you will find in none of the books, simply because no writer on oaths or moral obligation, ever supposed it could possibly arise. Says Mr. Birney, there are certain parts of the Constitution and laws which I regard as repugnant to my sense of justice, and which I should not therefore execute. Then, why not, replies Mr. Shapter, the conscientious Abolitionist of the other school, to whom the letter was directed—then, why not take the oath with a qualification, why swear to perform without exception when you mean to do no such thing? "But," says our man with the tender conscience, "the oath cannot be taken in that form; the chief justice would not thus administer it to me, and neither the laws, nor propriety, nor common sense, would allow him to make any reservation in regard to any part, any more than in respect to the whole of the instrument. I therefore take it as imposed, and if you wish to know how far I mean to perform, you have all the evidence that you can desire in the exquisite sense of moral obligation I exhibit in the transaction." The amount of it all is this—Here we have a man whose most sensitive conscience feels that it would be wrong to *do* certain acts, but finds no difficulty in allowing him to swear that he *will do* them, without qualification or reserve.

This charge against Mr. Birney has pressed so hard, that the Emancipator, for the last two numbers, has been specially devoted to his defence. Some of the positions advanced by the Reverend editor are so very remarkable, that we must devote a short space to their consideration. One ground assumed is, that the Constitution being intended to promote justice, slaveholders and pro-slavery men do themselves commit perjury in swearing to support that instrument, whilst they maintain the system of Slavery, and therefore, according to this most conscientious divine, Abolitionists have a right to commit a little perjury as long as their opponents are guilty of a great deal more. We give his own strange language: "A man, (says the Rev. Joshua Leavitt,) cannot be just and unjust at the same time even if he *does* swear it." This is said on the ground that the Constitution contradicts itself, in professing to promote justice and yet maintaining Slavery. "Therefore," he proceeds, "a man cannot support it at all on such a construction. If he swears to do so, (that is to support it as it is,) he violates the main drift, (to promote justice,) and by the simple rule of three, he is guilty of *more perjury* than if he had obeyed the main drift and violated the pro-slavery provisions." The drift of this is most obvious. Here is an answer to a most grave and serious charge, and the whole justification is made a question in the rule of three, as to the proportion of perjury, and an attempt to show that somebody else is guilty of it in a still higher degree. If such be the predicament in which the instrument places a man, says the disenthralled Abolitionist of the other school—why have anything to do with it? why swear to it at all? Because, says Mr. Leavitt, we shall not commit half as much perjury on our construction, as will lie upon the consciences of those who adopt the pro-slavery view.

Another argument of this Reverend casuist is, that "if the country allows them (the Liberty men) to hold office, then it consents that they shall act out in office their own view of the Constitution, and cannot very reasonably accuse them of perjury."—That is, the guilt of the perjury will rest upon those, who by supporting them, placed them in such predicament, where they are necessitated to swear to what they do not intend to perform. We hope that all who hereafter may be called upon to vote for Mr. Birney, will remember under what a load of responsibility the argument of the Reverend gentleman places them, and that they will be very careful how they lead these stern moralists into such a perilous temptation. Besides, in what a light does such reasoning present a professed minister of the gospel? Here the question of the guilt of perjury is made to turn on the naked fact of a majority or minority of votes, without any more allusion to the eternal principles of the oath, or to the God of the oath, than though the declaration had proceeded from a professed atheist.

In the succeeding number of the Emancipator, the editor grows still more bold. Mr. Shapter had spoken of a qualification. "This," says Mr. Leavitt, "is certainly a *curious* view of the matter." "Mr. Birney," he proceeds, "has made the qualification in the most public manner—*before God*, his constituents, and the nation. But Mr. Shapter is not content with this. He would have Mr. Birney say, *when the oath is administered*, that he has a qualification to make, and thus beat out his brains against a *mere technicality*, for the benefit of Slavery." "All this because the slaveholders have had the cunning to foist into our solemn, oath-bound Constitution of Government, a tacit agreement that their piracy shall be protected! Do they take us to be superstitious idolators, who will not overstep a priest's *tabu* to save the lives of our own mother's children?—Such people would count all the letters of the Bible, and attach inspiration to its bad grammar. Their souls groan under the bondage of words." This requires no comment. The man who will speak of the bona fide observance of an oath as a *mere technicality*, and compare a solemn appeal to the God of the Bible, to the *tabu* of a heathen priest, is easily understood. Let such a one never use the term conscience, if he would not excite the most sickening disgust in the mind of every unperverted reader. "For our part," he says again, "we have proclaimed with trumpet tones that we never would abide by an agreement to play the scoundrel." Why, then, we would simply ask, will you play a part worse than that of the scoundrel, by offering to call God to witness that you *will* abide by such an agreement?

Let us advert for a moment to some of those circumstances which have ever been regarded as entering into the nature of an oath. In every solemn transaction of this kind, there are three parties: 1st, the taker; 2d, the imposer; and 3d, Almighty God. The oath is a solemn promise, in the Divine presence, that the one taking it will truly state what has happened, or will perform what is promised in the words employed; and as a penalty for its non-fulfilment, he solemnly imprecates upon himself the vengeance of that dread Being whose name he has invoked.—Now, in the instance before us, let us ponder for a moment what might have been, and what, for the sake of argument, may be assumed to have been, the probable circumstances. The taker is James G. Birney; the imposer is the people of the United States, through their representative, the Chief Justice of the National Judiciary. In the midst of assembled thousands, the said James G. Birney raises his hand to Heaven, or lays it upon that volume of our faith that contains so many fearful denunciations against trifling with the sacred name which is ever invoked in the oath, and swears by Him who liveth for evermore, and whose very essence is truth, that he will support and maintain the Constitution of the United States, and will faithfully perform the duties of that office to, whom is assigned, as his peculiar charge, that he will, without making any exception, execute the provisions of the said Constitution, and of the laws and treaties made in pursuance thereof. Let us suppose the solemn act concluded without reserve, exception, or qualification. The individual is inducted into office, and assumes the discharge of its duties. It is then that this strange principle of ethics begins to manifest itself. He refuses to perform certain acts most clearly required by the instrument. He is charged with perjury. What is the answer? It is true, I solemnly swore to their performance, as much as to any other parts. I knew that they were written in the Constitution and the laws. I have no doubt as to their meaning. I made no qualifying reserve. I felt at the time that the performance would require a breach of higher moral obligation. I have since entertained no new views, or made any subsequent discovery, which would require me to resign an office which I cannot fully and faithfully execute according to the understanding of the parties. I am, however, not guilty of false swearing, because had I offered any qualification, I could not have been allowed to take the oath, and "I should thus have dashed out my brains against a mere technicality for the benefit of Slavery." Oh, conscience! conscience! If this is a sound and safe rule of eternal and immutable morality, when, and where, and how, we ask, can perjury be committed?

"Such *parts* of the Constitution," says Mr. Birney, "as are opposed to justice, humanity, and good morals, I reject as *not parts* of that instrument."—The absurdity of this is so glaring, that even the author could not express himself in relation to it without palpable contradiction. Certain parts then, it would seem, admitted to be parts, are in the same sentence declared to be no parts; that is, they are parts really expressed, but no parts in regard to the oath. They are *parts* which a man may swear to perform, but no parts in respect to the actual performance.

In regard to all these positions of Mr. Birney and the editor of the Emancipator, no healthy conscience can fail to distinguish them from those principles which they would seek to confound with them.—They differ totally from the case of the private citizen, to which we have already adverted in a previous part of these remarks. They cannot shelter themselves, as they would sometimes attempt to do, under the plea that every one who believes that there is the least imperfection in the Constitution, is in the same predicament with themselves. Perhaps no man who swears to maintain the instrument, regards it in all respects as absolutely perfect. One may hold that there are *political evils* involved in our form of Government, and yet may honestly swear to execute the *whole* and every part; and may honestly fulfil his oath, on the ground, that in a system which has an immense balance of good, the strict performance even of those parts which are inexpedient and imperfect, involves no breach of *moral obligation*, until they are remedied by amendments in the only Constitutional way. On this principle, a sincere opponent of Slavery, who would use all lawful means for its eradication from our form of Government, may, if elected to office, not only swear to maintain, but actually execute, according to their true intention, all laws which at present provide for the arrest of fugitive slaves, and the security of the slaveholding States against servile insurrections. These cases, we say, present an aspect entirely different from the one before us. Here it is assumed, that the faithful execution of certain parts of the Constitution would involve an executive officer in moral guilt. If an individual is convinced of this, there is an end of the question as to him. Conscience must be supreme. A man cannot conscientiously do what he regards as a violation of the laws of God. The whole matter, then, is reduced to a conclusion from which there is no escape. If Mr. Birney cannot conscientiously *do* certain acts, then we say, *à fortiori atque à fortissimo*, that he cannot conscientiously take an oath that he *will* do them.

We may well inquire, where would this doctrine lead, if carried out to its fullest extent? Let us take another case, which at the present day is not merely hypothetical and possible, but extremely probable. Let us suppose a man, or party of men, who, by profound meditation on first principles, have come to the conclusion that all property (in land at least) is wrong *per se*. Were we disposed, in the present argument, or had we time and space to examine thoroughly the prime falsehood which lies at the bottom of the abolition principle, it would be no difficult matter to show, that the doctrine of *abstract rights* on which the one is based would also support the other. But we proceed with our supposed case. This individual, or this party, by constantly dwelling on this one idea, has come to regard property not only as an evil, but as a most enormous evil, as the greatest of evils, as an evil politically, socially, and morally, as in fact the original sin of our institutions, as that evil which includes in itself all other evils of every name and nature. These persons have dug so deep as to discover that this lies at the bottom of all our miseries, that all other reforms are useless until it is removed. They pity the benighted Abolitionists, as yet in some degree under the influences of ancient prejudices, and so far behind themselves in the march of reform. For one man to be lord of a manor, or to have the exclusive right to land, is equivalent, they say, to shutting other men into a narrower space than nature intended. It is a restraint upon their natural and inalienable rights, without compensation and without their consent. Here then is the essence of all Slavery.—To aim at extinguishing one species of the evil, is like cutting off the branches and leaving the root untouched. It is like aiming to destroy the brood, whilst it leaves the mother of this hellish progeny unassailed. Let us, therefore, they say, lay the axe at the root of this *Bohon Upas*. Let us drive in our moral crow-bar, or (to use a common species of abolition cant) our machinery of moral force, at the lowest foundation stone of this giant castle of iniquity.

Now this is no picture of fancy. We have heard men (and women too) declaim in this very manner, and almost in this very language. In these days of Owenism, socialism, and anti-rentism, the case stated is far from being beyond the bounds of probability. Such men might, perhaps, at first, spend their strength in railing at all who do not see the evil of property, and its utter repugnance to all the principles of natural justice, in the same light that they do. They might at first talk much of *moral power*, whilst they hurled their hottest denunciations against the Church and clergy, for bringing up the Bible in support of this horrible wickedness. Soon, however, they might be tempted to form a political party, but here, they are met by an obstacle. If a party, then must they have candidates for office; these must swear to support the "oath-bound Constitution and laws" of the State of New-York. These laws not only recognize, but are actually based upon this very exclusiveness of property, which they have again and again denounced, not simply as improper and needing remedy, but as positively wrong *per se;* as "opposed to common justice, to good morals, to humanity, and to the law of God." How then can they swear to support and execute such a system? It is the easiest thing in the world, says Mr. Birney and the Rev. Joshua Leavitt. Your candidate may offer, without qualification or reserve, to take the oath to maintain the Constitution and laws of the State, including, among other provisions, all those that secure the holders of large tracts of land, in the exclusive control of their estates. He may also swear to *execute* the laws, which, undoubtedly, according to the mere letter, would require him to sustain courts, sheriffs, and all judicial and executive officers in enforcing the legal claims to property. But then, according to that more transcendental code of ethics, into which we men of moral power have been initiated, he has only mentally to regard these iniquitous clauses as no parts of the Constitution.

In support of this, too, we can furnish him with some of the most original and effective specimens of logic, such as must utterly confound all gainsayers. For "the Constitution," he may say, "is a Constitution of Government; Governments have no right to ordain what is immoral and unjust." Therefore, although he has sworn, without any reserve, to support an instrument which he knew to require what was wrong, yet he is not bound to fulfil such a sworn promise, "because such parts as are immoral and unjust, are no parts at all," &c. &c. Again, the Constitution of New-York professes to maintain justice; those, therefore, who swear to support the Constitution, that is to maintain justice, and who, nevertheless, lend their aid to enforce those parts which you regard as so abominable, do, on your theory, commit more perjury, than you would, by taking the opposite course. It being then a question in the rule of three, you have the advantage in proportion as it is better to swear a little false for the sake of justice, than to commit much perjury in support of what is wrong. On this state of facts, and "there being no alternative," but to swear to support the Constitution for the present as it is, or to give up those glorious reforms which you honestly deem so important—why should you "beat out your brains against a *mere technicality* for the benefit of the *land-holders*, and thus give up the State to the administration of the unjust?" "and all this, because the land-holders have had the cunning to foist into our oath-bound Constitution, a tacit agreement that their piracy shall be protected." Will you allow them to treat you "as superstitious idolators, who will not overstep a priest's *tabu* to save the lives of your own mother's children?" Swear then without qualification, at the same time secretly reserving to yourselves to perform what you have sworn, just so far as your own nice sense of moral obligation may require.

But we have dwelt longer on this than we intended. It is really too plain a matter for those whose consciences are unperverted, and as for the victims of such miserable sophistry, they are perhaps beyond the reach of argument. The simple and only answer comes up at once to every unsophisticated mind. If you feel and know that a greater or lesser portion of what you are to swear to is morally wrong, and that you cannot perform it with a safe conscience, then you cannot take the oath; and if you do, no sophistical quibbling about technicalities, or about parts being no parts, can save you from the double guilt, which attaches, both to the swearing to perform and to the mere performance. In both respects you offer most profanely to trifle with that Holy Name, which we are so solemnly commanded never to take in vain. Let not men who hold to such doctrines ever talk any more about conscience. In assailing the sanction of the oath, they take from conscience its firmest support; the main bond which connects the visible with the invisible world. Let them drop their canting pretensions to higher principles; let them check their foul-mouthed abuse of other and better men than themselves; and above all, let them forever cease their profane and stale babbling about *moral power.*

From the Baltimore Saturday Visiter.

EDUCATION IN THE SLAVE STATES.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

In the Winchester, Va. papers, there has lately appeared a series of essays signed "J. W. M." in which the writer endeavors to arouse the people of Virginia to the importance of promoting this noble cause, and wiping off the stigma that rests upon us, on account of the great mass of ignorance within our borders. I appreciate the sentiments of this writer, as also those of "A Quondam Citizen," of our State, whose articles recently appeared in the *Visiter*, and whom, it seems, "J. W. M." has tempted to the field; but, in order that the subject may be thoroughly investigated, we must go deeper than either of these writers has gone, for the cause of our delinquency.

I propose to show that education cannot prosper in a slaveholding State. It never has done so, and it appears to me impossible, in the nature of things, that it ever should prosper for any length of time, in such a community. In order to give a clear view of this subject, I shall consider it,—first, in reference to the rich, and secondly, in relation to the poor; for in *neighborhoods where slaves are numerous*, the bulk of the white population may be divided into these two classes. It is true there is, in some parts of the slave States, another class similar to the population of the free States, but of this class it is not my purpose to speak in the present essay.

By education, I understand the whole training of the moral and intellectual faculties; which, in order to be effectual, must be begun in infancy, under the mother's care, carried forward in youth by the instruction of experienced teachers, and completed by self-improvement in after life.

I shall consider the subject in relation to the wealthier class under each of these heads.

1st. The home education of children is rendered more difficult by their parents being slaveholders.

The offspring of this class usually obtain what is considered a good education; and yet I believe that it is as little calculated to promote their happiness or the welfare of society, as any system that could be devised. We republicans are accustomed to think that the children of monarchs and noblemen have, of all classes, the poorest opportunity to obtain that mental discipline which is essential to the growth of good principles in the heart. In youth they are surrounded by obsequious menials and flatterers; their smallest wants are anticipated—their most extravagant whims gratified, and their worst passions fostered by indulgence. The children of rich slaveholders are in general exposed to the same kind of corrupting influences, for they are surrounded by menials, and reared in the midst of unlimited luxury; and, if their hearts are not influenced by it, they must be more than human. On this point the language of Jefferson is strongly expressed. He says, "The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passion—the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to the worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities." Although this picture, drawn by the hand of a master, may be thought too highly colored, and no longer applicable in a majority of cases;—yet I fear there are many families in relation to which it must be admitted to be true.

Unless the deleterious influence of slavery be counteracted by the piety and wisdom of parents, it will give an unhappy bias to the character, that may continue through life. When we consider that the parents themselves have in youth been placed in the same circumstances, and have probably imbibed some of the same dispositions, which are thus transmitted from age to age, we must see how very difficult it is for them to guard their children against the influences by which they are surrounded. This is more especially the case with regard to boys,—for they are more exposed to temptation and less restrained by the customs of society, with regard to their conduct and conversation, than their sisters. Luxury and idleness are of themselves sufficient to vitiate the character of youth; but, when to these we add the influence of arbitrary sway and unsubjected passions, it is obvious that in a great number of cases children placed under these circumstances, will become exceedingly difficult to govern.

2d. When the home education of children has been defective, the teacher's task becomes far more arduous—so much so, in some cases, that it is almost impossible for the best school discipline to correct the faults imbibed in infancy. Hence the general complaint of the turbulence and disobedience of southern boys in schools and colleges. The University of Virginia has frequently been the scene of riot and rebellion, owing to the reckless and ungovernable character of the students, who are nearly all from the southern States. The late outrageous proceedings there, which required the aid of military force to arrest it, must prove almost fatal to an institution that has only been able to live, thus far, by the munificence of the State.

3d. But these are not the only difficulties that attend education in slaveholding neighborhoods. After the youth has left school, one of the most fruitful sources of evil will be found in the want of useful and regular employment. Agricultural labor being chiefly performed by slaves, and the mechanic arts being held in low estimation, it is considered too degrading for the proprietors of the soil and the owners of slaves to put their own hands to the plough, or to engage in any kind of manual labor. They must be bred to a profession; and, if they have neither talents, nor application, to insure success, which is probably the case with a large majority, they often become a burden to themselves and to society. How many young men do we see lounging about the taverns, who appear to have no regular employment! The race-course, the theatre, and the gambling table are resorted to, as expedients to kill time, and pass away those vacant hours that ought to be devoted to nobler purposes! These young men grow up with unsubjected passions and undisciplined minds. Being full of zeal, and almost strangers to patient investigation, they rush into the arena of political strife, and are not afraid to assume the responsibilities of the highest stations. Like the aspiring Alcibiades, they desire to rule the State before they have learned to govern themselves. Such are the men who have dubbed themselves the *chivalry* of the South—a name that is every day sinking into contempt, owing to the violence and absurdities of those who have assumed it.

Let it not be supposed that I include, in the last named class, all the slaveholders of the Southern States. Far from it. I know there are many honorable exceptions—men of enlarged minds, liberal views, and kind hearts, who sincerely desire the prosperity of our country, and would be willing to sacrifice much to promote it. It is to this class I would earnestly address myself, to show the insuperable difficulties that attend the progress of education in the slaveholding States.

I come now to the second branch of my subject—the education of the poorer class of whites.

1st. Among this class parental discipline and home education are lamentably deficient. The care of young children necessarily devolves upon the mother, and their prosperity through life greatly depends upon the impressions they imbibe from her. But what can we expect from mothers who are *themselves uneducated*, and unaccustomed to habits of reflection? It is well known to every one who has been an observer of this class of society, that many of their children are utterly neglected, and grow up without the restraints of salutary discipline. If the parents undertake to govern them at all, it is generally by means of the rod, which is applied with severity, to correct faults that have originated in their own neglect or bad example.

2d. That large numbers of these children are never sent to school, is sufficiently manifest by the returns of the last census, from which we learn that, in all the slaveholding States, the proportion of uneducated persons is alarmingly great, and forms a striking contrast with the free States. It appears that the number of white persons who cannot read and write, compared with the whole white population, is, in New England, 1 to every 285; in New-York, 1 to 56; and in Pennsylvania, 1 to 50—whereas, the number in the slave States, averages 1 to 17, and in the State of Virginia, 1 to 12 1-2! In some districts it is even worse than this,—for instance, on the eastern shore of Virginia, I think it is stated that there about *one-fourth* of the white people can neither read nor write! This district was formerly represented by Henry A. Wise, who, on leaving home on his Brazilian mission, addressed a letter to his constituents, urging, in the strongest terms, the necessity of increasing the means of education, and proposing a tax upon slaves, as the most eligible plan to raise the necessary funds. A little reflection may convince any one that this plan will never be carried into effect while the legislative power of the State remains in the hands that now hold it. The owners of slaves will not consent to have them taxed for the purpose of educating the poorer class of whites; nor would a property tax of any kind, for the same purpose, be much more satisfactory. The richer families have private tutors for their children, or send them away to academies or colleges; this deprives the little country schools in those districts, of their main dependence, and leaves them but a slender support, which is derived, in part, from the literary fund of the State.

3d. The poverty and ignorance of the lower class of whites in those parts of Maryland and Virginia, where slaves are most numerous, can hardly be appreciated except by actual inspection. They appear to aspire to nothing higher than a bare subsistence; and the little surplus they sometimes gain, is too often expended in intoxicating drinks, while their families are exposed to suffering and want. Let any one visit the shores of the Potomac during the fishing season, and he will see a sample of this class, that, I would fain hope, has few parallels. But in addition to their poverty and degradation, there is another obstacle to the establishment of schools among them, that cannot be surmounted without a radical change in the policy of the State. The white population in many counties, is too sparse to admit of the establishment of schools without an expense entirely disproportionate to the number of pupils. In some of the southeastern counties of Virginia, we may often ride for many miles, and not see a house of any description. The country is becoming depopulated, and the fields, formerly cultivated and worn out by slave labor, are now overgrown with pine or cedar. The deer and wild turkeys, once driven back by the tide of civilization, are again becoming abundant—so, that the very land of Powhatan is likely to become a hunting-ground, as in days of yore!

This retrograde movement is not confined to the State of Virginia, for some parts of Maryland have witnessed a similar diminution in the number of inhabitants, and the value of property. In proof of this I need only refer to the statistical tables furnished by "A citizen of Maryland," and published in the *Visiter*, some months since, showing that the population of eight of the lower counties of Maryland, which, in 1790, contained 126 423 inhabitants, numbered in 1840, only 107,613—being a diminution of 18 810 in fifty years, during which time the population of the free States had increased nearly four fold.

With such facts before us, how can we expect education to flourish in slaveholding States? Population is diminishing, and property deteriorating. Manufactures and commerce are languishing, and enterprise of every kind is almost paralyzed. A late writer in the *National Intelligencer*, who signs himself "A Carolinian" has shown, conclusively, that there can be no permanent prosperity in a slaveholding State. He says, "It is the accumulation of the bulk of Southern capital in this unproductive shape, which precludes any permanent prosperity. It is the characteristic of the Southern States, to be settled rapidly, come to a sudden maturity, and then decline. Already has old age overtaken Virginia and the Carolinas, while Alabama and Mississippi have nearly reached the point at which their people and their accumulated wealth will begin to migrate further west." He concludes by observing that "the tendency is to deteriorate the lands instead of improving them; and that this retrograde motion is not chargeable to the indolence of the people, as is generally supposed, but that it is an inevitable attendant of Slavery."

In conclusion I would observe to the friends of education in Maryland and Virginia, that it is useless any longer to use palliatives in a disease so deeply seated as that which has prostrated the slaveholding States, and brought them to the brink of ruin. If there is any strength or manliness left among us, let us not fear to introduce a radical change into our system, by which the health of the body politic may be restored, and the blessings of liberty and education *extended to all.* We should then no longer exhibit the glaring inconsistencies of recommending, in the strongest language, the benefits of education, at the same time that our laws prohibit nearly half our population from acquiring even the rudiments of knowledge! While, by authority of law, such a mass of ignorance and degradation, is perpetuated in our midst, thus suffering our practice to be at variance with our profession—while the reflecting and controlling part of the community, who *know* the facts, still lend their influence towards upholding such a system of evil—our course must ever continue downward.

A VIRGINIAN.

From the Correspondence of the New-York Evangelist.

LETTERS FROM BRAZIL.

RIO DE JANEIRO, March, 1845.

Conference with the American Minister—Disclosures respecting the Slave-Trade—Efficiency of Hon. Mr. Wise—Usual Course of the Trade—How it is that Americans shift Responsibility and Guilt, and save their Necks—The glaring Infamy and Injustice of Negro-traders' Escaping with Impunity under the American Flag.

I deem it my duty to suggest, that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must revolt—I mean the African Slave-Trade. At the moment when God, in his mercy, has blessed the world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian States, in whose hearts no sentiment of justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. * * * If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, *any participation in this traffic, it is our duty to make it known, and to do our utmost to extirpate and destroy it.* IT IS NOT FIT THAT THE LAND OF THE PILGRIMS SHOULD BEAR THE SHAME LONGER.—[*Webster's Plymouth Speech accommodated.*

A recent call upon the American Minister to Brazil, Hon. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, furnishes material in facts and fuel for reflection, which I feel disposed to lay before the readers of the Evangelist, or anybody else that has a mind thereto. I found him in the fine house he has taken in the northwest part of the city, a long way out of town, in the suburb called Eugenev.lho. It is favorably located for the quiet and health of an interesting family of six children, one of them a little babe, born a Brazilian. They are busy enough with studies and pastimes within the ample and shaded limits of their enclosure, yet not so but that the elder ones often sigh for the society and scenes of home, and wish themselves again there.

Although without a letter of introduction, I met with a courteous and affable reception from Mr. Wise, and an immediate reply to all my inquiries concerning the Slave-Trade in American bottoms, which was the object of my call. He had been vigorously prosecuting an investigation into this infamous business ever since he has been here, and it is his statement, that not less than 64,000 slaves have been imported from Africa during the last year, and 5,000 since August last, in American bottoms. He grew eloquent, in expatiating upon the prostitution of the American flag to the Slave-Trade, and said his chief business while here had been to examine depositions and papers, and make inquisition into the recent cases in which American merchantmen had been engaged in this nefarious traffic, and transmit the proofs to Washington; and that he had never worked harder in his life before. He has a large folio volume, a good part of it closely written with copies of the despatches on this subject to the Department of State, from which he read extracts to show his views upon it, and to make me acquainted with the names and ownership of a number of vessels from the United States, that have been and still are prosecuting this infernal traffic.

"Documents herewith transmitted will show the nature, connections, and extent of the African Slave-Trade as it is, and has for some time been, unblushingly carried on by our citizens under our flag. It has grown so bold and so bad as no longer to wear a mask, even to those who reside here, and who are at all acquainted with the trade between Brazil and Africa. Upon information showing more than probable grounds, I hesitated not to advise our Consul, Mr. Gordon, to cause the arrest of the master, mates, and crew of the brig Montevideo, and to hold them in custody on board of the Boston sloop-of-war until he could examine into the case. The examination has proceeded to a great length, and I have given to it my personal attention and attendance; and I must say, it has developed a combination of persons and of means to carry on this infamous traffic, to the utter disgrace of human nature, and to the dishonor of our flag, and of all three nations—England, Brazil, and the United States."—[*American Minister to the Secretary of State.*

He expresses the opinion, that if the people of the United States knew the extent to which this worst of piracies is conducted under their flag, and by vessels launched and owned in their free Northern wa-ers, a law would be passed at the very next session of Congress, forbidding *all* trade with the coast of Africa. He says, moreover, that every consc

anything that appears on the face of the charter party, to be engaged in the Slave-Trade, but *not the less sure for that, on purpose to prosecute the trade of blood.*

American houses (I repeat it) are the agents or medium through which American brigs and barques are chartered for the coast of Africa, to Manuel Pinto da Fonseca, the notorious great slave-merchant of Rio de Janeiro. After making a few profitable trips with slaves on charter, they are generally sold to Fonseca or the slave-factors on the coast of Africa, at Cabinda and elsewhere, for three times the money they would bring for lawful voyages. The American house gets two and a half per cent. commission on the charter money; then two and a half per cent. more if they guarantee it; then two and a half per cent. more if employed to transmit the value to the owners in the United States. The English brokers' house, Hobkirk, Wreiman & Co. through which they accomplish these negotiations, gets also two and a half per cent. The vessels clear at the custom-house for the coast of Africa, with slave-decks, shackles, water-tanks, and other appurtenances, and with a cargo of ardent spirits, powder, muskets, cotton goods, &c. and sometimes having both an American and a Brazilian or Portuguese captain and crew.

"The only medium of exchange among the Africans is in the form of goods, wares, and merchandise, by barter; and that between the agents there and the large dealers in slaves, or in goods for that market in this country, is in the form of bills on Brazil. The very ivory and other products of Africa for export, are brought from the interior *to the coast on the heads of the negroes, who are themselves to be shipped as slaves.*

"It is said, that there is not a merchant or dealer of any sort on this whole coast, from Para to Rio Grande, engaged in the trade between Brazil and Africa, who does not, directly or indirectly, participate in the profit or loss of the foreign Slave-Trade: And there is very little loss in that trade. Nothing is lost if two out of five trips succeed. And that trade has of late rather increased than diminished. It has decreased, perhaps, to Rio de Janeiro, but increased to every other province of Brazil.

"Slave decks are no longer indispensable. The water casks, stowed level, in one or more tiers, according to the size of the vessel, fore and aft, and rush mats spread over them, is the last improvement of fitting a slaver. And they can now ship—indeed, it is proved, under oath in this examination, that it took the Montevideo, with a swept hold, from but two to seven hours to ship a cargo of 800 slaves. They have their water pipes filled and buried in the sand of the beach; and the slaves, the farinha, the jerked beef, the provisions and stores, and the water, are moved, at a moment's warning, in canoes and launches, to the vessel waiting at the distance of a five minutes' row from the shore."—[*Hon. Mr. Wise to the Secretary of State.*

Having discharged their goods, the medium of barter, and taken on board their closely-packed living cargoes, the American captain and crew, if they had them, are shipped on board a brig that has gone before to act as their tender, and a Brazilian or Portuguese captain and crew are supplied, if they had them not. In the one case, the tender brig returns to Rio Janeiro, either navigated by the Americans or with them as passengers, and not unfrequently with some branded slaves for Fonseca, in the same capacity as passengers. For aught *that appears*, she will have performed a lawful voyage, that is, *having only waited upon the slavers with some goods for purchase-money of the slaves, and got them ready, and having then helped the slavers to a Brazilian or Portuguese crew, who, if taken by English cruisers, cannot be hung like Americans or subjects of Great Britain.* The bloody slaver then speeds her way through the horrors of the "middle passage," slily lands her human cargo, more dead than alive, at Cape Frio, Mangaratiba, or other places along the coast of Brazil, and then boldly runs into this port in ballast, and fits again for the atrocious voyage.

Mr. Wise has now in custody on board the frigate Raritan, two African lads with Fonseca's brand upon them, that were brought into port thus as pretended passengers in an American brig, along with Fonseca's agent, who had been in the brig up and down the African coast to contract for slaves, said American brig acting as tender to three or four others immediately employed in exporting slaves. She was seized by the United States brig, Bainbridge, on the charge of being engaged in the Slave-Trade, but afterwards delivered up to the Brazilian authorities for judgment, who have (if I am rightly informed) released the master and officers, whom Mr. Wise was desirous of sending for trial to the United States. The African lads and certain others have been retained and are to be forwarded as witnesses to the United States.

There is a tale of blood and horror connected with this brig, to be in due time unfolded. It was given on oath, a few weeks ago, by a seaman of another American brig, the Kentucky, that the first night after leaving the east coast of Africa, with a cargo of six hundred and fifty blacks, a part of them got loose from their manacles, and rose on the crew. But being armed with muskets and cutlasses, the crew soon drove them below again, and killed a number by firing into them after they had cried for quarter. A few days after, others of the survivors were condemned to be executed, then hoisted up to the forevard-arm chained two together, and shot dead. *When two were taken out of the hold chained together, of whom only one was to die, to save the shackle, and save time, they chopped off their victim's foot at the ancle, let the leg loose, then run him up to the yard-arm, and finished by shooting him. In this manner were murdered forty-six men and one woman.*

Thus the infernal business is carried on eagerly and fatally as ever, and American merchants, knowingly or not, pander for it, and make what gain they can by such detestable pimping. Mr. Wise has written his legal opinion to Maxwell, Wright & Co. on their part in the business which the laws of his country have declared piracy, warning them and other American merchants against it, and declaring his fixed purpose to see to it that the laws of his country are enforced, and the star-spangled banner cleansed from the blood of this atrocious traffic, which in fact it is made to shield. British cruisers seldom daring to overhaul a vessel under the American flag; American citizens, and they too generally from the North, not scrupling to employ their vessels where they can get the most pay.* May God bless these, I believe, honest and earnest efforts to suppress the Slave-Trade, by a man who is himself a slaveholder, and who has stood in such an attitude to abolition, as makes the anomaly of his present position and warfare the more remarkable. But of this more hereafter.

* The following are the names and places of ownership of some of the American vessels thus employed at the present time, as furnished me by the American Consul at Rio de Janeiro, Mr. Gordon:—

Sold to Manuel Pinto da Fonseca.

Brig Montevideo, J. L. Peadleton, master; Alexander Riddell, owner, New-York.

Brig Agnes, Hiram Gray, master; John H. Price, owner, Wilmington, Del.

Brig Kentucky, Geo. H. Douglass, master; Willis & Hart, owners, New-York.

Brig Porpoise, Agnes Libby, master; George H. Richardson, owner, Brunswick, Me.—tender to the Kentucky, Hope, Garafilia, and others.

Brig Sea Eagle, Gilbert Smith, master; B. C. Clark & Co. owners, Boston—tender to the Montevideo and Agnes.

In the leading editorial of the last paper the following article was referred to, and its publication promised for this week. The closing paragraph is very unjust to Abolitionists, but that is of little consequence. They can afford to be treated with injustice and even contempt, so long as the truest homage that can be paid to the wisdom and success of their measures is paid by just such articles as this of Horace Greeley's. Our aim is to advance the Anti-Slavery cause, and not to be praised of men.—We rejoice that a political sheet, like the Tribune, has the heart, or the wisdom, or both, to meet the growing anti-slavery want of the people, and though it or they may not know it, we feel certain that that want exists just because we have done, and are doing, precisely what we have and are:

From the Tribune.

LETTER FROM A SLAVEHOLDER,—DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF EMANCIPATION.

BALTIMORE, Md. August 1st, 1845.

H. GREELEY, Esq.—I am a subscriber for your paper, and like generally the editorials, and of course, cannot find any fault with the admirable arrangement of the balance. I am a Southerner by birth, by education, and by habit; I like the people. But still, at the same time, I consider myself a citizen of the Union—a lover of the Republic. I am a Whig, only differing from yourself in regard to Slavery. Do not understand me as being an enemy to Liberty. If it were in my power, the chains that now bind millions of unhappy slaves should fall off; but the will of man was not intended to have its sway. What I find fault with in you is your endeavoring to support the cause of Torrey and his associates. In your misguided zeal, you forget that most of us are the descendants of the countrymen of Hampden and Sydney. We can be persuaded, but not driven, unless vanquished by numbers. The most of us are already persuaded of the evils of Slavery. We know the incubus that is now pressing us to the earth. We see the North increasing in wealth, in power, and in intelligence, whilst we are keeping but an unsteady hold on our former greatness. We are fully alive to these facts—we need not constantly be reminded of them. The cause of the slave would be greatly promoted by a different course of action with you. I think I speak the truth when I say that the wishes of the lovers of Emancipation have been thwarted by the intemperate heat of our Northern brethren. Your vigorous pen should be used for a different purpose. Adopt the motto of our gallant leader when speaking to Mr. Mendenhall, "Mind your own affairs and leave us to regulate ours." Slavery is an evil; it has blasted our fair prospects, and has desolated the fields of my native State. How are we to rid ourselves of the curse? Would you have the slaves turned loose to associate with, and in the end rob, their present masters? Have you any knowledge of the condition of our free blacks? How miserable, degraded, and worthless the most of them are!—how abject their condition compared to their former lot! If you are unacquainted, visit our city, see for yourself, and then determine what can be done with them. Let us have your views on the subject. As a reasonable man you could not come to the determination to relieve them from their bondage. What can we do with them? We are already weighed down by taxation; not a mite could be raised more than is now contributed for Colonization. Does the State of New-York want them? If so, colonize what are now free, evince a disposition to better their condition by taking them to yourselves. We will gladly part from them—let the word be spoken. Render us your aid. You are rich and we are poor. Raise up societies throughout your State, having for their object the amelioration of the present state of the free black population of the South. Let each family take two, three, or four, as they may be able to rear them up in intelligence and virtue. Only commence this project, and, my word for it, Slavery will soon be but a name in this State.

I repeat again, I like your journal. I approved of the noble course pursued by you in the late canvass for the Presidency. Had other prints styling themselves Whig in your city, been actuated by the same noble spirit, we would not now be cursed with misrule.

The above is from an humble individual, a lover of his species, a believer in the permanency of a republic, but an enemy to the course pursued by the Abolitionists of the North. MARYLAND.

REPLY TO "MARYLAND."

Our correspondent will believe that we have deferred his letter for a few days, not from indifference, but because we desired time to reflect upon and give the right answer. We shall do this (since it is asked) with some diffidence, yet with a deep conviction that we not merely intend but indicate the right.

What shall Maryland do with her slaves? This is a grave question, and, deferring all minor matters, we shall endeavor to answer it. She should *not* allow these her humble laborers to be sold off to delve their lives out in the pestilential swamps and cane-brakes of Louisiana or Texas; it is a horrible abuse of the power of law to permit this. These poor people have an indefeasible right to be protected by the laws of their native State from such an aggravation of their bondage: as also from the separation by sale of husband from wife, mother from children, &c. The law which fails to protect woman from the power of brutal lust, is a mockery of law, and all who acquiesce in it for a moment are guilty of fearful criminality. So much we are sure of, even though Slavery were to be maintained.

What more is to be done? First stopping the exportation and abuse of slaves, we think the people of Maryland, through their Legislature, should immediately proceed to abolish Slavery. Whether such abolition should take instant and full effect, may not be so clear; one of the evils of any wrong is the seeming necessity it imposes for still farther wrong. Yet it seems to us that the history of West-India Emancipation has already fully demonstrated the safety and wisdom of *immediate* abolition, with the danger and impolicy of any other course. We entreat those who do not see this to recollect the insurrections, butcheries, and general insecurity of life and property in Cuba within the last seven years contrasted with the general quiet, security, and progress of Jamaica during the same period. Who *can* now say, after Emancipation has proved so safe and beneficient in Jamaica, so widely separated from any aid against insurrection, with its population nine-tenths black, and three-fourths just set free, that it is not safe anywhere? Rely on it, that it is always perfectly safe to do right, and extremely dangerous to persist in wrong, even for an instant.

But how are the slaves of Maryland to be treated if set free? And what is to become of them? Our correspondent stumbles at the fact that the free blacks (so called) in that State are more degraded than the slaves. To this we answer, that those blacks are *not* free, and cannot be so long as Slavery exists around them, and the mere circumstance of a man having a colored skin, is held proof presumptive that he is somebody's chattel. The blacks even of the Northern States are not really free; they cannot be while every avenue to honorable distinction and public esteem is shut against them. Commencing their lives in ignorance, poverty, and general contempt, debarred the hopes and denied the opportunities for education of men, who can wonder that the blacks take refuge from a burning sense of wrong, in frivolity, dissipation and vice? Who can severely blame those who seize what seems to their darkened minds the only chances for enjoyment which are left open to them? Not till the African race have fairer opportunities can we justly blame them for their degradation. But let them stand on the common platform of manhood, and they will improve their opportunities as well as others. Their elastic, imitative nature, so strongly susceptible to love of approbation, would insure this.

Slavery being abolished, we would not send one freed man out of the State, nor encourage one to leave it. They are all needed there, and more with them, to fertilize and till its soil, rendered sterile by the curse of Slavery. But we would have early, systematic, effective measures taken to provide every one with employment and the means of education. For instance, here is an estate of two thousand acres of arable land, one which there are one hundred negroes, naturally divided into forty families. Let the owner of the estate call them together, and say, "Now you are free; you can go where you please; but I believe you will find it your best course to stay where you are. I will sell to each head of a family, who chooses to stay here, forty acres of land at twenty dollars an acre, giving a deed and taking a mortgage, and will take my pay in labor or produce at its market value. I will move or build him a cabin on his land; I will sell him a cow, pig, and a few necessary implements to begin with. I will at all times stand ready to hire him teams when necessary, and take his labor in pay. I shall establish a school here, which children may attend in the day-time, and their parents in the evening, if they choose; and I will agree to pay the schoolmaster, and take labor from you. If any of you choose to live with and work for me on the land that I reserve, I will give you such wages as I can afford, and you can quit when you choose." Such is the course we would have agreed on, and generally pursued by the masters; and from it we are sure these results would ensue:

1. Nobody's throat would be cut, nor be in the least danger of it.

2. Every land and slaveholder would find himself vastly a gainer by emancipation, not merely in the soundness of his sleep and the serenity of his mind, but in positive happiness, and even in wealth.

3. A rapid improvement would ensue in the intellect, knowledge, and morals of the freed.

There would be a few instances in which the proprietors would be tried by perversity and ingratitude, but those who have had patience to manage slaves would triumph over these. Some few persons who owned slaves, and little or no land, would *think* themselves impoverished by Emancipation, but they would soon discover their mistake. Intelligence, capacity of any kind, would be so actively in demand for purposes of teaching, trade, drawing deeds, &c. that all would be won to habits of industry, and feel ashamed that they had ever lived in any other.

Of course, we think there is a better social relation between the capitalist and the laborer than that we have rudely sketched above; and that this would come about in time; but from Slavery to civilization is a long enough stride for a beginning. We should like well, however, to see some estates cultivated in partnership between the owner and his freed laborers; they receiving and dividing a fixed proportion of the proceeds, the shares to be determined by a careful schedule of work done. We have not a doubt that this would soon prove far more profitable and every way advantageous than either slave or hired labor. But it would be difficult to make unlettered negroes understand this at once, since neither the Courier nor the Express have been able to comprehend it in the course of four years' study. It would probably take two or three years to beat it through the nearly as thick skulls of the negroes.

Having thus answered the main question, we can but hurriedly state that we never approved of Torrey's course, nor of slave-stealing generally, though we find it hard to condemn such conduct as Capt. Walker's in Florida. We do not denounce slaveholders—we know that many of them are more upright and conscientious than some of their revilers—and we have no doubt that much of the talk of Northern Abolitionists is uncharitable and mischievous. But they do not constitute a twentieth part of the sincere opponents of Slavery at the North, and the truth and right should not suffer for their indiscretions. The way to silence such men is to take away all just pretext for their clamor.

From the Tribune.

FROM THE WAR QUARTER.

We glean the following items, from New-Orleans papers of the latest dates, August 23:

From our Troops in Texas.—We learn that a letter has been received from an officer of the troops under General Taylor, dated the 15th instant, at Corpus Christi, in which it is stated that General Taylor had dispatched a courier to Matamoras, who had returned with intelligence that the Mexican troops, stationed at that place, or in its vicinity, did not exceed four hundred in number. Should this prove true, the reports hitherto received here, have strangely exaggerated their number. Other letters state that our troops were in the enjoyment of good health, and were in excellent spirits.

The subjoined is an extract of a letter from an officer of the United States Dragoons, dated at Nacogdoches, July 31st:

"The seven companies of Dragoons arrived here today, after a very warm march of six days from Fort Jesup.

"We shall leave here on the 1st of August for the Trinity, and thence for the San Antonio, where you will again hear from me. The command stood the march very well, and hope to do good service when we reach the disputed boundary.

From Aransas.—Colonel Hunt, the United States Quartermaster-General in this city, has received a letter from Aransas Bay, dated August 14, which was probably brought to Pensacola by one of the cruisers lately arrived there. The only item of news is the loss of the schooner Swallow, Captain Miner, on the 12th instant, as she was going over the bar. She got into the North Breakers, and was going to pieces on the 13th. The cargo consisted of six hundred barrels of coal, stores, and some clothing belonging to the 3d Infantry—part of the cargo saved—vessel a total loss.

More Volunteers.—We understand that Captain H. S. Harper, of Gainesville, Miss. will arrive in this city by the steamer J. Dupre, on to-morrow, with a company of one hundred and fifty-six volunteers, destined for the Mexican frontier. They style themselves the Mississippi Riflemen. They are well furnished with all the necessary appointments for the campaign, and will hold themselves in readiness to be mustered into the service of the United States, at a moment's warning. It is their intention, we understand, to join the regiment of Louisiana volunteers under the command of Col. Dakin.

Military and Naval Operations.—We learned yesterday morning, through our correspondent at Pensacola, of the arrival at that place, on the 18th instant, of the United States steamship, Princeton, and of the steam frigate, Mississippi on the following day. On the 20th, the sloop of war, Falmouth, arrived there in company with another sloop of war, supposed to be either the Saratoga or the St. Mary's. There are, therefore, now concentrated in that harbor, belonging to the American navy, two steam frigates, the Mississippi and Princeton, the frigate Potomac, the sloops of war, John Adams, Falmouth, and Saratoga or St. Mary's, and the brigs of war, Somers and Porpoise. (The French brigs, Griffon and Le Mercure, are lying at the same port.) On the western coast of Mexico, there are, or shortly will be, eight of our vessels of war, and this force will be increased by the vessels of the East India squadron, now on their way home.

Purser Ramsay arrived at Pensacola on the 20th instant, from Mobile, with $100,000 for the use of the squadron.

The United States Quartermaster, stationed here, has received a letter from the Bay of Aransas, dated the 14th instant, which mentions a rumor which prevailed at Aransas, that Mexico had declared war upon this country.

Departure of the Volunteer Artillery and United States Troops.—Yesterday afternoon a large number of citizens assembled on the public square, for the purpose of witnessing the departure of the volunteer artillery, under the command of Major Galler. At four o'clock they proceeded from the City Hall, through the public square, where they were saluted by their brethren in arms, with twenty-eight guns, and then escorted to the barracks.—They embarked on board the steamship, Alabama, in the evening, in company with Captain Forno's company of "Native American Artillery" volunteers and five companies of United States troops of the line, all of whom, we are informed, are under the immediate command of Major Galley.

The Cannonniers numbered one hundred and six men, and Captain Forno's company eighty-three, each company having four strong field pieces.—[New Orleans Bee, August 22.

The Washington Union says that General Patterson, of Philadelphia, has offered his services to Government in case of a declaration of war. The Union understands that six thousand volunteers might be calculated on from Philadelphia and its vicinity; and that the Keystone State alone might furnish thirty thousand.

Company A. 3d artillery, arrived at this port yesterday morning in the steamer Gladiator, from Smithville, N. C. on their way to Aransas Bay, Texas, under command of Capt. George Taylor.

Maj. Monroe's company was to have sailed on the 22d instant, from Fortress Monroe, in the bark Bachelor, for the Bay of Aransas, Texas.

We understand that the steamer, Cincinnati, Captain Smith, has been chartered to take the two companies A. and I, of the 3d regiment artillery, to Aransas Bay, Texas.—*Charleston Courier, Aug. 28.*

Communications.

Letter from South Carolina.

JULY 21 1845.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—With your permission I will resume the subject of my letter of the 3d instant, and proceed to give you a view of the condition of the slave population of Carolina. I propose to draw a picture from life, which, on its face will carry evidence of truth, and the fidelity or falsity of which can be readily established or exposed. For that purpose let me request you to accompany me to a cotton plantation. The management and operations on such establishments, will, I presume, be interesting to most of your readers. We will select one in the middle country, the section in which cotton is most extensively cultivated, which has been settled about twenty years by negroes mostly purchased, and has always been under the superintendence of an overseer, who, being responsible for its management and the preservation of the property on it, is necessarily allowed to exercise unlimited discretion in all matters of detail. The proprietor resides at a distance, and being engaged in other pursuits, has never interfered, further than to suggest the general outline and course of management. The place is surrounded by a mixed population, comparatively dense, composed of slaves, slaveholders, non-slaveholders, and a few free persons of color.—It is in no way distinguished for indulgence to the slaves, or superior management; the crops made on it, as well as its general economy, may be considered a fair sample of similar establishments throughout the State. The number of slaves was originally inconsiderable; they have, however, been increased by births and purchases, made principally with the view of completing families, to about 100, consisting of children, about forty agricultural laborers, a blacksmith, wheelwright, stock-minder, a nurse, who attends to the children and the sick, a woman who attends to the dairy, the poultry-yard, and the house occupied by the proprietor or his family when they occasionally visit the place, and two or three superannuated. If there is any inequality in the number of males and females it is imperceptible.

Let us in the first place examine, as minutely as circumstances will permit, the labor performed by these people; but, before we proceed, it may be proper to submit a few general remarks.

On a cotton plantation every month in the year has its appropriate work, which cannot be delayed; the loss or misapplication of a week, or even of a day, at some seasons, can seldom be repaired. To be conducted successfully, system must be observed, and judgment, experience, deliberation, and unremitting attention on the part of the planter, whether he be a proprietor or an overseer are indispensable. The regularity with which the work is done, is more important than the quantity.

It may also be remarked that, although the custom of tasking slaves is considered abroad as a great hardship, and a grevious oppression, it is not so esteemed by themselves; they regard it as a privilege. The task of a slave is as firmly established by custom as it could be by positive law, and there is no right of which a negro is more tenacious, than that of having his lawful task. They will insist on reducing all kind of work to task-work, and when it is not done for them, they will do it themselves, if practicable. It is astonishing to see with what fairness and equality they can divide and subdivide almost any kind of work among themselves. Suppose, what I have myself seen, a certain number of men and boys, differing in strength and capacity, are put to cutting down a piece of woodland, which, from the inequality of the timber, it would seem to be impossible to divide fairly into tasks; yet they will lay it off in parcels according to their number, and the strength of each individual, and then ask the overseer how many days he will give them to do it in; if he declines fixing any time, they will then begin to bid, offering by each bid to do it in a shorter time, until they induce him to comply. In this way they frequently gain a day or two, but they are sometimes deceived, and fail to do the work within the time proposed, in which case, if they have made, as they usually do, any extraordinary exertions, they are invariably allowed half a day, or a day, or some other gratuity in proportion to the size of the job. It is not customary to task plough hands, because it is found to be an inducement to over-drive the teams, yet, whenever they can, they will prevail on the overseer to task them. It is common with them on entering a field to propose to the overseer to permit them to gain half a-day, for having been frequently over the same ground, they know to an hour how long it will take them. This is usually granted on their offering to give a little extra attention to their horses and mules.

On the plantation to which I have particular reference, and I believe throughout the whole cotton-growing region, negroes are classed into full hands, three-quarter, half, and quarter hands, and their tasks are always graduated by this scale; each plough hand ranks in a crop as a full hand, although, the same individual might not rank as such at any other kind of work. There are, however, as will be seen hereafter, always on a plantation some who are not classed or tasked with the regular hands; they work very much as they please, and generally quit when the regular hands come out of the field.

It will no doubt occur to you, if it has not already, that a specification of the extent or size of the tasks in each kind of work, would not be satisfactory to strangers, unless accompanied by a minute description of soils, the nature of each kind of work, and the manner in which it is performed, which would lead to a length of detail, for which I presume you have not the space, and I certainly have not the time to spare. As, therefore, it must be apparent that the object of allotting tasks to negroes, is, so far as they are concerned, that they may gain time to devote to their own business or pleasure; and on the part of masters, that their work may be carried on with the precision and regularity necessary to the successful cultivation of cotton, to say nothing of their desire to indulge and content their people. I will enumerate briefly the work of each season of the year, and state the time the hands are employed in the day; it being obvious I think, that a day's task is heavy or light in proportion to the time in which it may be accomplished.

I ask to be indulged in one other general remark—when the hands on a plantation cannot get through their day's work, unless it be a very unfavorable season, it is regarded by planters as proof of bad management, that is to say, the previous work has not been properly done. When such a state of things happens, a crop is considered to be materially injured if not lost, and an employer may with impunity discharge the overseer under whose superintendence it occurs. There is but one way in which it may happen by the fault of the employer. If he should require more land to be planted than the hands can, with the usual tasks, get over once in every twelve, or at farthest eighteen days, from the 1st of May till the middle of July, then the fault is his—this is called over-planting. No overseer, however, who understands his business, and has any regard for his character, will undertake to make a crop unless he is satisfied he can work it over in due time; and it is impossible for him or his employer to be mistaken, as the land is accurately measured before the work is commenced. It is well understood that the earlier the hands are out of their tasks, so much better is the condition of the crop.

The first step in the preparation for a crop is to lay off the ground intended to be planted into quarter acres, by running lines each way across the field, intersecting at right angles, and placing stakes at each angle, or at the corner of every quarter acre. The rows or beds are then traced with the plough one way across the field parallel with the rows of task-stakes, from three to five feet apart, according to the quality of the land, so that every quarter of an acre in the field contains the same number of rows or beds of cotton. If the land be kept in cotton, the same tasks remain, and the succeeding beds or rows are formed in the alley between the former, by drawing down the old beds. The first operation is called listing, in which the surface of the old beds is drawn down as a foundation for the new, if the land has been previously in cotton; and if not, the surface of the ground is drawn equally from each side, into the furrow made by the plough. The task varies according to the condition of the land.

During the first two months of the year some of the more strong and robust men are employed in clearing land, in splitting rails, and in making and repairing fences; one or two men, with a suitable number of boys and girls, are engaged in breaking up land with the plough for Indian corn, which is the principal provision crop, and planting oats; and the remaining men, women, boys and girls, are listing land with the hoe for cotton. When the ground is frozen, or too wet, the plough and hoe hands are put to other work—the men to clearing land, &c. and the others to heaping up and burning brush or litter, clearing up hedge-rows, &c. In the distribution of the working hands, regard is of course had to the quantity of the several kinds of work to be accomplished, but as far as practicable they are allowed to consult their inclinations. For instance, if a well-grown boy should prefer the axe to the plough or hoe, he is permitted to work with the men, and takes a task according to his strength; boys and girls who prefer the plough are always selected for that work, both as an indulgence, and because they generally do better work; and the latter are never put to it but at their own request. Much importance is attached to the operations of the plough, in which but a limited number of hands can be employed, and more than a sufficient number of boys and girls are always candidates for that employment. The most promising are selected, and are generally continued at it even after they are grown, and until they desire to go to other employments. Breeding women are, however, invariably excluded from this work. The wagoning, of which in winter there is a good deal, is usually performed by grown ploughmen.

In these months, as the days are short and the weather usually cold, but little time is gained except in splitting rails; on high land, where the timber is plenty, the task is 125, and on low or bottom land 100 rails is the task; this task may always be performed within two-thirds of the time, and it is not uncommon for the hands who choose, to gain one, two, and even three days in the week. It is, therefore, a favorite employment. The ploughhands are allowed an hour at noon to feed and water their horses and refresh themselves, and in the evening they take out sufficiently early to stable and feed their horses before dark. Such as choose are allowed to break up their own land or that of their families, but that they seldom do, as they find land prepared by listing with the hoe more productive. At this season the hoe hands are out of the field by sundown, and from one to two hours before. They all generally come out at the same time, unless an individual, for some particular object, by some extra exertion, is out an hour or two earlier than the others. Indeed, you may see almost any day in the year one or more individuals in the field an hour or more before the others, and working with more than usual energy, with the view of gaining extra time. The driver (whose duties and functions I propose to examine hereafter) blows a horn or trumpet at daylight, as a signal for all hands, including the overseer, to rise and prepare for the day's work; the laborers wash, eat some cold victuals prepared the overnight, arrange their domestic affairs, and are at their work as the sun rises, carrying with them, if they are employed at a distance from their houses, provisions for the day. It is an invariable rule, whatever the work may be, to do it in the forepart of the day, and sunrise is the time at which the day's work is always commenced. In task work the laborers are allowed to stop and refresh themselves once or twice, and even oftener if they please—all that is required of them, being to be out of their tasks by sundown, they are of course governed by the time they wish to get through. At this season it is their habit to stop but once, between eleven and one o'clock.

The same work, with the addition of planting Indian corn and hauling out manure, is continued through March. P.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1845.

To Delinquent Subscribers.

The Executive Committee have determined to adhere still more closely than they have yet done to the cash principle. Ample time has been given to all to balance their accounts, and the following arrangement may be considered as final:

All persons who owe more than two years will receive no more papers after two months from this date have elapsed, unless they have paid in the meantime to the commencement of their current volume.

NEW-YORK, August 14, 1845.

Cassius M. Clay and the Kentucklans.

As I was absent for two or three days last week before the paper went to press, the particulars relating to the recent outrage in Kentucky, which were received after my departure, were not published. Many of our readers may not have seen them, and they are at any rate of too great importance not to be recorded in a paper which we wish to be a true record of the Anti-Slavery events of the times. Some of the documents published below have been received since our last issue. I give now a succinct narrative of the whole proceedings.

Mr. Clay's noble answer to the Committee appointed at the meeting on the 14th ultimo, created great excitement in Lexington. The editor of the Louisville Journal, who was in Lexington, wrote to his paper on the 15th, as follows:

"During the whole forenoon of to-day the popular excitement was very high. Many anticipated that the meeting at 3, P. M. would tear down the office of the True American. Clay, in anticipation of such an attempt, made his will, armed himself, and sent to his office, (being too sick to set up for any great length of time,) a bed to be occupied by him during the day. At 3, P. M. I went to the Court House and found it full. Beverly Hicks was in the chair. Mr. Waters, in behalf of the Committee, reported C. M. Clay's letter, and offered a long preamble and a resolution, which were read by the Hon. T. F. Marshall, and unanimously adopted. The preamble was a warm rejoinder to Clay's handbill. The resolution was, that a mass meeting of the citizens of Lexington and Fayette be held at the Court House, on Monday, next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. for the adoption of such measures as may be deemed expedient. The adjournment was quiet.

"The meeting on Monday will be tremendous. What it will do I am of course unable to say. It may postpone ultimate action, but I think the almost universal impression is that it will resolve itself into a committee for the redress of grievances, and demolish the 'True American' office, though everybody understands that the editor will have to be killed first, and that he is somewhat difficult to kill.

This is a most lamentable state of affairs. What effect the killing of C. M. Clay will have in the free States, in exasperating the Abolitionists, and swelling their numbers, you can judge as well as I."

On Saturday Mr. Clay issued the following address. It is conciliatory enough one would think, even for slaveholders, and puts off the day of final emancipation far enough to satisfy the warmest advocates of gradualism. Let it be remembered, however, that conciliatory and compromising as it is, it could not stay the progress of violence. We have here an incontrovertible answer to the objection which has so uniformly and continually been made to our course, that it has put off the day of Emancipation. Approach the system as you will, so that any fixed period is appointed for its termination, and the ire of the slaveholders is aroused. They will visit with their vengeance all who propose abolition, no matter at how distant a day.

To the Citizens of Fayette County and City of Lexington:

As my opponents, notwithstanding my sickness, will not wait to hear my plan of emancipation, and seem determined to precipitate measures to extremity, without giving me a hearing, and as they insist upon branding me as an "Abolitionist, a name full of unknown and strange terrors and crimes, to the mass of our people, I will make a brief statement of my plan of emancipation. Although I regard Slavery as opposed to natural right, I consider law and its inviolate observance, in all cases whatever, as the only safeguard of my own liberty and the liberty of others. I therefore have not, and will not, give my sanction to any mode of freeing the slaves, which does not conform strictly to the laws and Constitution of my State. And as I am satisfied that there is no power, under the present Constitution, by which Slavery can be reached, I go for a Convention. In a Convention, which is politically omnipotent, I would say that every female slave born after a certain day and year, should be free at the age of twenty-one. This, in course of time, would gradually, and at last, make our State truly free. I would further say that, after the expiration of thirty years, more or less, the State should provide a fund, either from her own resources, or from her portion in the public lands, for the purchase of the existing generation of slaves, in order that the white laboring portion of our community might be as soon as possible freed from the ruinous competition of slave-labor. The funds should be applied after this manner: Commissioners shall be appointed in each county, who shall on oath value all slaves that shall be voluntarily presented to them for that purpose. To the owners of these slaves shall be issued by the proper authorities, scrip bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. to the amount of the value of their slaves, and to the redemption of said scrip, principal and interest. By this plan the present habits of our people would not be suddenly broken in upon, whilst at the same time, we believe that it would bring Slavery to almost utter extinction in our State within the next thirty years.

With regard to the free blacks, I would not go for forcible expulsion, but I would encourage by all the pecuniary resources that the State had to spare, a voluntary emigration to such countries and climates as nature seems particularly to have designed them.

With regard to the political equality of the blacks with the white, I should oppose in Convention their admission to the right of suffrage. As minors, women, foreigners, denizens, and divers other classes of individuals are, in all well regulated Governments, forbidden the elective franchise, so I see no good reason why the blacks, until they become able to exercise the right to vote with proper discretion, should be admitted to the right of suffrage. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." The time might come with succeeding generations when there would be no objection on the part of the whites, and none on account of the disqualification of the blacks, to their being admitted to the same political platform; but let after generations act for themselves. The idea of amalgamation and paid equality is proven to be untrue and absurd. It may be said by some, what right would a Convention have to liberate the unborn! They who ask equity, the lawyers say, themselves must do equity, and whilst the slaveholders have rights, they must remember the blacks also have rights; and surely in the compromise which we have proposed between the slave and the slaveholder, the slaveholder has the Lion's share.

We have thus, in a very rambling and feeble, unsatisfactory manner, given something of an outline of the plan which we had intended to present. It may be that my paper has not been conducted in the most pacific manner, but is there not cause for mutual reproach between myself and the public in which I am placed? And those who now most denounce me, should remember that my paper was denounced even in advance, in the full disavowal of all the incendiary purposes which my enemies now affect to impute to me. I am willing to take warning from friends or enemies for the future conduct of my paper, and while I am ready to restrict myself in the latitude of discussion of the question, I never will voluntarily abandon a right, or yield a principle.

C. M. CLAY.

AUGUST 16, 1845.

This address was followed by another on Sunday from Mr. Clay, which I have not seen. The Tribune says:

On Sunday Mr. Clay issued still another address, which we have not seen, but in which, according to the Louisville Journal, he stated that he had had the typhoid fever for thirty-three days; that his brain during that time had been almost incessantly affected; and that he was then unable either to hold a pen or pull a trigger. In that document he reiterated most strongly his previous protestations, that the language of his newspaper had been grossly misrepresented. The Journal says:

"On Sunday evening, Mr. Clay, who it was understood, was too ill to sit up in his bed, and, in fact, so ill, that even his ultimate recovery was considered doubtful, had a large number of loaded muskets and other deadly weapons, with which he had intended to defend his office, removed from that building. On Sunday night the alarm throughout Lexington was very considerable on account of the fact that the knowledge of what was transpiring was said to have reached a portion of the population that should have been kept in ignorance of it. Many fancied that they saw symptoms of insubordination; and patrols were kept up throughout the city during the night."

The next day (Monday) a fourth address was issued by Mr. Clay, making still further concessions than any that had preceded it. It is as follows:

LEXINGTON, August 18th, 1845.

Fellow-Citizens of Lexington, and County of Fayette:—Being unable, from the state of my health, to be present at your meeting, and even unable to hold a pen, having been sick thirty-five days with the typhoid fever, I dictate to an amanuensis, a few lines for your just consideration. Having been the unwilling cause, in part, of the present excitement in my county, and feeling, as I do, respect for the safety and happiness of others as well as my own, I voluntarily come forward and do all I conscientiously can do for your quiet and satisfaction. I treated the communication from the private caucus with burning contempt, arising not only from their assuming over me a power which would make me a slave, but from a sense of the deep personal indignity with which their unheard of assumptions were attempted to be carried into execution.—But to you—a far differently organized body, and a constitutional assemblage of citizens—I feel that it is just and proper that I should answer at your bar; and as I am not in a state of health to carry on an argument, or vindicate properly my own rights, I shall voluntarily, before any action is taken on your part, make such explanation as I deem just and proper.

During my sickness, my paper has been conducted by some friends. The leading article in the last number, which I am told is the great cause of the public disquietude, I have never read, because at the time it was put to press I could not have undergone the fatigue of reading such a paper through. Although it was read over to me at the time, yet I am fully persuaded now, that had I been in health it would not have been admitted into my columns. But I felt the less hesitancy in admitting it, because it has been my avowed policy heretofore to admit free discussion upon the subject of Slavery, by slaveholders themselves, and the author of this article is largely interested in that kind of property. You have seen before this time that the course of policy which I commend, myself, to the State, is widely different, in many essential points, to this author's views. The article written by myself, and published in the same paper, was written a few days after the leader was in type, and which has also been the cause of so much dissatisfaction, the justice of which, to some extent, I am willing to acknowledge. I assure you upon the honor of a man, it was never intended to mean, or to bear the construction which my enemies have given it. I was pursuing the reflections of my own mind without thinking of the misconstruction that could be put upon my language.

Had I been in the vigor of health, I should have avoided the objectionable expressions, for by sharply guarding against the cavils of my opponents, I would best guard at the same time against anything which could be considered of an incendiary character. I cannot say that the paper from the beginning, has been conducted in the manner I could have wished. The cause of this it is not now necessary for me to mention.

The liberty of the Press and the freedom of political discussion are essential elements of our social system. An effort to establish a press in Kentucky devoted to the discussion of the question of domestic Slavery, and the propriety and practicability of emancipation by law, as an individual enterprise, might, in this simple view of the proposition, have been tolerated by the people, as it is in all probability not prohibited by our laws. The precise purpose and principles of the editor of the "True American," and the position he meant to assume here in relation to the subject, together with the effect he, his principles, and his paper were to produce upon our peace and our property, were of course at the outset matters of speculation. After an experiment of some months, however, there can be no doubt remaining in this community in relation to any of these particulars.

The institution of Slavery existed in a portion of the States of this Union before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, by force of the municipal constitutions of the particular States. The institution itself is clearly recognized and guarantied by the articles of the Union, and left where it was found, under the exclusive control of State governments and laws. In the enumeration of the people three-fifths of the slaves are included as the basis of federal representation, and direct taxation upon the several States is subjected to the same apportionment. Fugitive slaves must be rendered up upon claim of the master, notwithstanding the law of the State into which they may escape may not recognize the relation.

The United States shall guaranty every State against domestic violence, upon application of the Legislature or the Executive; and shall provide for calling forth the militia to suppress insurrections.

These are among the securities taken by the slave States in the National Constitution; not only that they were not to be disturbed, but that they were to be protected in this property by the National arm and authority.

A formidable party has arisen within a few years in the United States, who seek actively and practically to disturb these guaranties, to change the Constitution in relation to some of them, and who deny its palpable import, or wrest to fearful purposes its powers in relation to others.

They aim at the abolition of Slavery in America, and halt not at the means. They are organized, active, united in pursuit of this object; and desperately fanatical. They have found their way into the National Legislature, and already exercise a threatening influence there. They command a powerful press in the United States. They have among them a burning zeal, commanding talent, and a large amount of political influence and moneyed capital. They scout the idea of gradual emancipation or colonization. They treat the institution as equally opposed to religion, morals, and law. They maintain that the negro slave here is an American born, entitled to the full benefits and blessings of republican freedom, under the Declaration of Independence, which freed all of American birth. They maintain for him the right of insurrection, and exhort him to its exercise, and with an infernal subtlety claim, that the power conferred upon Congress to "suppress insurrections" gives to that body, in which the free States have now so overwhelming a preponderance, the right to remove the cause by abolishing Slavery. That a servile war becomes by force of this clause a National affair, and can be settled upon any terms under the national discretion. With this party, we believe, from the fullest evidence of which the nature of the case is susceptible, the editor of the "True American" to be connected by sympathy of opinion, burning and fanatical zeal, and concert of effort. With his speculative opinions we presume not to interfere, with his practical exertions, in our midst, to disturb the settled order of our domestic life, to inflame to discontent and to rebellion our household slaves, we have the most direct and incontestible connection. In proceeding by force and without judicial process, to arrest the action of a free citizen, to interfere in any degree with his private property, and if the necessity of the case, and the desperation of the man require it to proceed to extremities against his person, we owe it to our own fame, and the good name of our community, to set forth the facts, upon which arises in our justification, the highest of all laws, the law of self-defence and preservation from great and manifest danger and injury.

Before the editor of the "True American" had established his press in Lexington, or made his celebrated visit to the North, he had corresponded with the New-York Tribune, a leading abolition paper. In certain letters over his signature, some of the leading and most dangerous principles of the sect were avowed and defended. The abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia—the exclusion of the three-fifths of the slave population in the apportionment of representation by a change in the Constitution, thereby weakening still farther the slave States upon the floor of Congress—the exclusion of Texas from the Union, in pursuit of which object he avowed himself ready to take up arms—the enlisting the whole force of the non-slaveholders in Kentucky against slave property, and thus forcing a change in the Constitution of the State—were among the means and instruments relied upon by him for affecting the entire abolition of Slavery in America. In one of his letters he anticipates from the abolition of Slavery in Kentucky and some other of the Western States, by the means above noticed, and the exclusion of Texas, that the slave population will be crowded upon the planting States to such an extent, that abolition, if not voluntarily achieved by law, will be forced by a war of colors exterminating one or other of the races, in either event, (and the editor seemed to contemplate either with equal serenity,) terminating in that universal liberty so fiercely sought. Holding these opinions, and after visiting the Northern cities, and being received there in full communion by the abolition party, caressed, and flattered, and feasted, hailed in the stages of his triumphal progress by discharges of cannon, and heralded in the papers devoted to the cause as the boldest, the most intrepid, the most devoted of its champions, he returned to his native State, the organ and agent of an incendiary sect, to force upon her principles fatal to her domestic repose, at the risk of his own life, and the peace of the community. In the preparation and establishment of his office in Lexington, Mr. Cassius M. Clay acted as though he were in the enemy's country. He has employed scientific engineers in fortifying against attack, and prepared the means of destroying the lives of his fellow-citizens, it is said, in mines of gun-powder, stands of muskets, and pieces of cannon.

The whole course of the man bears evidence incontestible, that he was entering upon a career fatal to the peace of the community of which he was a member. The citizen has a right to arm in his own defence, and to protect his house and his person from unlawful assault; but why should a peaceful citizen, engaged in a lawful calling, make preparations suited to repel an invading army? It is needless to our purpose, to notice the editor's ruthless attacks upon individuals, and his threats to terrify resistance of his course. We proceed at once to the last number of the "True American," and the publications since put forth by its editor, as conclusive evidence of his temper towards the community, and of the character, purpose, and inevitable tendency of the paper. In this paper, of the 12th of August, there is a leading article, for which, although not from the pen of the editor, the print is responsible to the public, and which at all events, is evidence of the purpose of the print, and the character of those who support it. We make from this article a few extracts of the most ominous character. The fundamental proposition of this writer is as follows: "Our Legislatures, State and *General*, should raise the platform upon which our free colored people stand. They should give to them full political rights to hold office, to vote, to set on juries, to give their testimony, and to make no distinction between them and ourselves." After tracing the delightful effects of this equality, the article proceeds: "Our national character, our best consciences, our duty, all weigh nothing in the scale of Slavery, against the pride and selfishness of the master. The instrument called the Constitution, after pronouncing all men equal, and having equal rights, suffers Slavery to exist, a free colored person to be denied all political rights, and after declaring that all free persons shall enjoy a free intercourse with the States, suffers the free negro to be driven out of all, and excluded from such rights. Deliver me from an instrument thus partial, thus unjust, that can be perverted and made to sanction prejudices and party feelings, and note the accidental distinction of color." We think nothing from the North can beat this. The Western apostle transcends, if possible, his mission. But again, as to the necessity of our being civil and submissive to our friends, the Abolitionists, and the danger of resentment on our part.

"The slaveholders must calm themselves into just thinkers, and cease to provoke the Northern free States by putting them at defiance in Congress and out of it."

"They must look upon Abolitionists as enthusiasts if they will, but also as in earnest, and in design at least as real patriots. The Abolitionist is becoming as reckless as the slaveholder when thus provoked, and may add violence and injustice to his course, that was intended to be mild and conciliatory." Very rational and prudent advice. Submit quietly, or the matter will be forced upon you. But we quote farther the following pregnant sentences: "It is vain for the master to try to fence his dear slaves in from all intercourse with the great world, to create his little petty and tyrannical kingdom on his own plantation, and keep it for his exclusive reign. He cannot shut out the light of information any more than the light of heaven. It will penetrate all disguises, and shine upon the dark night of Slavery. He must recollect that he is surrounded. The North, the East, the West, and the South border on him, the free West Indian, the free Mexican, the free Yankee, the more than free Abolitionists of his own country. Everything trenches upon his infected district, and the wolf looks calmly in upon his fold." We were mad not to listen to warnings like these. We have quoted these passages to prove the thorough identity between the doctrines and objects of this paper, and the worst principles of the ultra Abolitionists of the North. Here is the assertion of the equality of the African race under the Constitution, and the repudiation of the practical working of the instrument: "Deliver me from an instrument thus partial, thus unjust, —— that can be thus perverted." Here too is the threat to the master, of the consequences of the light and information, "that the more than free Abolitionist" of his own country is pouring upon the negro mind.

When we contemplate the mild form of negro slavery in this district; the happy, and peaceful, and contented relations of the master and the slave, where such a thing as cruelty was scarcely known, where the master was without fear or distrust, and the well fed, well clothed intelligent slave bent to his lot of labor, the lot by the way of all mankind, without repining, regarding his master rather in the light of parent, and himself as a necessary and so mean portion of the family, we could pour curses on the fiends who would break up the intimate and not the least endearing relation of domestic life, and when all was peace and mildness, plant discord, and fury, and fiery hate, and render cruelty a necessary policy on the one side by inculcating disobedience as a principle on the other. But we must hasten with our proof. In the same day's paper an editorial appeared backing the reasoning of the article to which we have referred, and by a brief recapitulation of violated law, and a trampled constitution, the triumph of brute force over moral right, the falsification of the great principles of the revolution, all illustrated by "slavery the most unmitigated, the lowest, the basest that the world has seen;" and winding up with the following extraordinary threat: "When the great hearted of our land weep, and the man of reflection maddens in the contemplation of our national apostacy; there are men pursuing gain and pleasure, who smile with contempt and indifference at their appeals. But remember you who dwell in marble palaces that there are strong arms and fiery hearts, and iron pikes in the streets, and panes of glass only between them and the silver plate on the board, and smooth skinned women on the ottoman. When you have mocked at virtue, denied the agency of God in the affairs of men, and made rapine your honeyed faith; tremble, for the day of retribution is at hand—and the masses will be avenged."

Here is more light and knowledge thrown upon the negro's mind, and horrible fires kindled in his already fiery heart" by the hand of the daring incendiary, the audacious emissary of the "more than free Abolitionist," Roused and alarmed by these atrocities, and determined no longer to endure the presence of an armed Abolitionist, hurling his firebrands of murder and of lust into the bosom of our peaceful and polished city, a number of the citizens of Lexington undertook the task of remonstrance. To a mild—a wonderfully mild request—to discontinue the paper, the haughty and infatuated fanatic responded in terms of outrage, unparalelled, to the committee of gentlemen who waited on him, denying the right of the citizens to consult together on such a subject, and denouncing the meeting which had opened a correspondence with him as a cowardly conclave of pirates, robbers, and assassins, and assigning as the ground of their excitement the apprehension, that their power was about to be taken away from them. The Editor himself has published this correspondence appended to a handbill, which appeared before the call of this meeting of the people, and before his answer was laid before the first meeting referred to. The whole together proves, that C. M. Clay is a madman, or that he meditated, and has prepared himself for a civil war, in which he expected the non-slaveholding laborers, along with the slaves, to flock to his standard, and the war of abolition to begin in Kentucky. That we may not be suspected of that extravagance which we charge on him, we quote from his letter the closing sentence, "Go tell your secret conclave of cowardly assassins, that C. M. Clay knows his rights and how to defend them." To this he appends an appeal addressed to the Kentuckians. That we may not be suspected of garbling, we insert this extraordinary summons:

KENTUCKIANS:—You see this attempt of these tyrants, worse than the thirty despots who lorded over the once free Athens, now to enslave you. Men who regard laws—men who regard all their liberties as not to be sacrificed to a single pecuniary interest, to say the least of doubtful value—lovers of justice—enemies of blood—laborers of all classes—you for whom I have sacrificed so much, where will you be found when this battle between Liberty and Slavery is to be fought? I cannot, I will not, I dare not question on which side you will be found. If you stand by me like men, our country shall yet be free; but if you falter now, I perish with less regret, when I remember that the people of my native State, of whom I have been so proud, and whom I have loved so much, are already slaves.

C. M. CLAY.

That this infatuated man believed that the non-slaveholders of Kentucky would feel and act as a party against the tenure of slavery, and that through them he expected to change the Constitution of Kentucky, and finally overthrow the institution, is evident from one of his letters to the Tribune. That he should have calculated on kindling the flames of civil and servile war, and rallying free laborers and the negro slaves under his standard, would seem incredible, yet his acts and his words can bear no other construction:—"Laborers of all classes—you for whom I have sacrificed so much, where will you be found when this battle between Liberty and Slavery is to be fought? If you stand by me like men, our country shall yet be free; but if you falter, I perish," &c.

Such a man and such a course is no longer tolerable or consistent with the character or safety of this community. With the power of a press, with education, fortune, talent, sustained by a powerful party, at least abroad, who have made this bold experiment in Kentucky through him, the negroes might well, as we have strong reason to believe they do, look to him as a deliverer. On the frontier of Slavery, with three free States fronting and touching us along a border of seven hundred miles we are peculiarly exposed to the assaults of abolition. The plunder of our property, the kidnapping, stealing, and abduction of our slaves, is a light evil in comparison with planting a seminary of their infernal doctrines in the very heart of our densest slave population. Communities may be endangered as well as single individuals. A great and impending danger over the life or personal safety of a single man, justifies the employment of his own force immediately in his own defence, and to any extent that may be necessary to his protection. He whose aim it is, or the inevitable tendency of whose conduct is to bring about intestine convulsions and servile war, threatens to inflict upon society the greatest horror it can endure. Our laws may punish when the offence shall have been consummate; but they have provided no remedial process by which it can be prevented. To war with an organ of abolition by action or indictment for libel, would make that powerful party smile. To enjoin the publication of the "True American" would only change its name. A perpetual injunction against the publication of any paper whatever by Mr. C. M. Clay, were beyond the power of the chancellor. The danger continues. An abolition paper in a slave State is a nuisance of the most formidable character—a public nuisance—not a mere inconvenience, which may occasion delay in business or prove hurtful to health or comfort; but a blazing brand in the hand of an incendiary or madman, which may scatter ruin, conflagration, revolution, crime unnameable, over everything dear in domestic life, sacred in religion, or respectable in modesty.

Who shall say that the safety of a single individual is more important in the eye of the law than that of a whole people? Who shall say that when the case of danger—real danger, of great and irreparable injury to a whole community really occurs—that if he is not armed legally with the right of self-defence? In either case the circumstances must be left to the judgment of the world, or the decisions of justice. An unauthorized crowd who inflict death upon persons or destruction upon property, for the gratification of passion or even for the punishment of crime, is a mob; and is the most fatal enemy to security and to freedom. But as in case of sudden invasion, or insurrection itself, the people have at once, independent of the magistrates, the right of defence, so when there be a well grounded apprehension of great, and it may be, irreparable injury, the use of force in the community is lawful and safe. We hold the Abolitionists traitors to the Constitution of the country, and enemies to the terms upon which the Union was originally formed, and the only terms upon which it can continue to subsist. When they bring their doctrines and their principles into the bosom of a slave State, they bring fire into a magazine. The "True American" is an abolition paper of the worst stamp! As such, the peace and safety of this community demand its instant and entire suppression.

In some countries, Mr. Clay might have dreaded summary popular vengeance on his person, or secret murder. He is among a people who abhor mobs, who know no Lynch law, and where assassination is unheard of. He has pressed the patience of his countrymen to its utmost capacity of sufferance—they can bear no more, without being traitors to all the trusts reposed in brave and patriot men. Though he has bearded and defied them—attacked the tenure of their property, and outraged decency by the terms in which he has characterized them, they are too conscious of their strength to chafe at insult. They thirst not for his blood, and they would not injure his property. He is a trespasser upon them, they have requested him mildly to desist. He is contumacious, and they will remove him by force.

"Mr. Clay has complained in his recent handbills of his indisposition, and charged the people as deficient in courage and magnanimity in moving upon him when he is incapable of defence. If all that be said of him, his purpose, and his means, be true, his indisposition is fortunate. He may rest assured that we will not be deterred by one nor 10,000 such men as he. He cannot bully his countrymen. A Kentuckian himself he should have known Kentuckians better. His weakness is his security. We are armed and resolved—if resistance be attempted, the consequence be on his own head. For our vindication under the circumstances we appeal to Kentucky and to the world."

The address was unanimously adopted, together with the following resolutions:

1st. That no abolition Press ought to be tolerated in Kentucky, and none shall be in this city or its vicinity.

2d. That if the office of the "True American" be surrendered peaceably, no injury shall be done to the building or other property. The presses and printing apparatus shall be carefully packed up and sent out of the State, subject then to Mr. C. M. Clay's order.

3d. That if resistance be offered, we will force the office at all hazards, and destroy the nuisance.

4th. That if an attempt be made to revive the paper here, we will again assemble.

5th. That we hope C. M. Clay will be advised. For by our regard to our wives, our children, our homes, our property, our country, our honor, wear what name he may, be connected with whom he may, whatever arm or party here or elsewhere may sustain him, he shall not publish an abolition paper here, and this we, affirm at the risk, be it of his blood or our own, or both; or of all he may bring, of bond or free, to aid his murderous hand.

6th That the Chairman be, and he is hereby authorized to appoint a Committee of sixty of our body, who shall be authorized to repair to the office of the "True American," take possession of the press and printing apparatus, pack up the same, and place it at the railroad office for transportation to Cincinnati, and report forthwith to this body.

The Committee of sixty having been appointed, the meeting adjourned to give them an opportunity to do the work which had been assigned them, agreeing to meet again at 2 o'clock, P. M. to receive their report. Here follows the official record of their proceedings:

The Committee appointed by the meeting to take down and pack up the press, type, &c. of the "True American" printing office, beg leave respectfully to report to the meeting,

That, in pursuance of the direction of the meeting, they proceeded at once to the office of that paper, the key of which, on arriving at the door, was given up to the Chairman, by Mr. Dowden, City Marshal. The Mayor of the city was at the door, and gave notice that the Committee was acting in opposition to law, but that the city authorities could offer no forcible resistance to them.

The Committee, on answering severally to their names, were then admitted into the office, and the doors were closed after them. The Committee being called to order by Mr. Johnson, its Chairman, on motion of Josiah Ennis, J. B. Clay was appointed, unanimously, to act as Secretary.

On motion of Maj. W. R. McKee, it was then

Resolved, That the Committee hold itself responsible for anything which might be lost or destroyed, whilst the Committee were performing the duty assigned to them.

On motion of R. Higgins,

Resolved, That James Virden and Jos. Scrugham, be appointed to take down the press, and Messrs. Cunningham and Harvey to put up the type, and that Messrs. Ennis, Barlow, Jouitt, Beard, Stewart, Robinson, Megowan, Oldham, and Marsh, to assist them.

On motion of F. Tilford,

Resolved, That the Secretary take a list of the property as packed up.

The secretary, containing the private papers of the Editor of the "True American," by unanimous resolution, was sent to his house.

The Committee not being able to accomplish the duty assigned by 2 o'clock, the hour to which the meeting had adjourned, Messrs. R. Higgins, T. S. Redd, Macy Twaits, Dr. Darby, B. Robinson, and J. B. Clay were deputed to report progress to the meeting. After which, all the type, presses, and other articles belonging to the office, were sent to the Railroad office, to be shipped beyond the limits of the State, to the order of C. M. Clay.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON, Chairman.
J. B. CLAY, Sec'y.

After the reception of this report the meeting was addressed by Ex-Governor Metcalfe. The following letter was subsequently addressed to Mr. Clay:

LEXINGTON, Aug. 19th, 1845.

C. M. CLAY, Esq.—Sir:—We have been directed by the Committee of the meeting held yesterday, at the Court House, as its officers, to inform you that the press, type, &c. of the "True American" paper, have been carefully put up and shipped by railroad to Cincinnati, to the care of Messrs. January & Taylor, subject to your order; and that the charges and expenses upon them have been paid.

With proper respect, we have the honor to be, &c.
GEORGE W. JOHNSON, Chairman.
J. B. CLAY, Secretary.

The senior editor of the Louisville Journal, who witnessed the proceedings, says:

"The president read the names of the committee of sixty, who were taken indiscriminately from the two political parties, and forthwith the crowd adjourned to C. M. Clay's office, filling up the whole street for a considerable distance. The doors and window blinds of the office were all closed. In a few minutes, the committee of sixty arrived, and, on their approaching the door, a pledge was proffered to them in the name and behalf of C. M. Clay, that, if they would not molest his property, his paper should be immediately discontinued. A member of the committee replied that the proposition came too late, and that they must do the work for which they were appointed. The keys, according to the orders of C. M. Clay, were then given up to them, and the members of the committee, as their names were successively called by their chairman, entered the office, all other persons being excluded. The committee, after taking possession of the office, sent for some of the master printers of the city, and had everything boxed up in the most workmanlike manner, and the boxes were taken to Frankfort yesterday morning to be placed on the first Cincinnati boat."

Now no doubt these gentry of Lexington, these blackguards in broad-cloth, these ruffians in ruffles, having shipped the press of the True American for Cincinnati, hoped that there was an end of the matter. But they have not in their hands the monopoly of mobocracy. The devil they have raised, will not down at their bidding.—The "gentlemen of property and standing" found imitators enough to finish the work which they had begun. The Lexington Inquirer of the 22d brings us the following continuation of the drama:

Brutal Outrage.—After the *peaceable* and *orderly* termination on Monday last, of the excitement and difficulties growing out of the removal of the press and types used in the printing of an abolition paper in this city, the citizens began to congratulate themselves upon the restoration of *peace* and *quiet* in the city, and the prospect of its continuing so. But they were doomed to disappointment, for on Tuesday night our streets were the scenes of several *most brutal and disgraceful outrages*. A few of the choice spirits of the city, occupying a position in society not the most enviable, and not being satisfied with the peaceable termination of Monday's work, made an attack, during the night, upon several free negroes, and beat them in a most cruel and inhuman manner, tarring and feathering one of them on the public square!

It may be, and has often been, asked, where were the watchmen and the citizens while these outrages were committed? The citizens were generally asleep, and the watchmen—we cannot say where they were, nor what they were doing; but they were certainly not doing their duty.

That we have too many idle, worthless free negroes about our city, no one can or will deny; and that efficient measures ought to be taken to remove from our midst those of that class, all will admit. But *it should be done in a legal way.* Or, if the law *has to be transcended a little*, it shou'd be done *by discreet and responsible men*—not by such as were engaged in the brutal and inhuman outrage that was perpetrated on Tuesday night last. Among the free blacks in our city, there are many who make an honest living for themselves and families, and demean themselves in a peaceable and inoffensive manner, and such we understand was the character of those who were so brutally treated.

On Wednesday evening, a public meeting of the citizens was held in the Court-House, to take into consideration the necessity and propriety of adopting prompt measures to prevent the recurrence of these outrages. The proceedings of the meeting will be found in another column.

This "transcending the law a little," be it observed, was the next day after the genteel mob had finished their portion of the work. This part of it, of course they disclaim, and at their meeting, passed the following resolution, among several others:

"*Be it further resolved*, That the citizens here assembled, do solemnly protest against the outrages of last night being in any manner connected with the open daylight and *orderly* proceedings of the citizens on Monday last, or, as in any manner giving *pretext* for them."

But he is blind indeed, who cannot, or will not trace effect to cause in this case.

Nor will the matter end here. The Christian Intelligencer, published at Georgetown, is accused of being "unspeet," and ordered to depart. The Louisville Journal, speaks boldly and decidedly in condemnation of the rioters, both of high and low degree. Its turn may come next. Meantime, the spirit of violence is awakened on all sides, and the latent Anti-Slavery feeling of the State will show itself. It is the beginning of a struggle in Kentucky, which will end in the abolition of Slavery. Cassius M. Clay is not dead yet—nor likely to die. I trust he will have no thought of giving up yet. He has committed a great mistake in thinking of opposing violence with violence in such a cause. It was madness to think of it. Nor has he maintained his ground, as I think he would have done, had he been well; but few will blame the acts of a man prostrated by illness which threatened death. Experience will teach him wisdom. Hundreds will flock to his aid now, if he will stand his ground, who would not, but for this, have thought of it. God give him strength to do it.

There are one or two other documents which I meant to have given in this article, but there is no room for more; or, for any further comment, if indeed, any is needed. The other documents will be published next week.—G.

Letters from South Carolina.

We give in this week's paper a second letter from our correspondent in South Carolina. A third is on hand, and will be published as soon as room can be found for it. We thank our friend for his communications, and hope he will continue them. They shall be published in future with shorter intervals between them.

As the letter in to-day's paper is merely an account of the general management of a plantation, we get by it really little insight into the actual condition of the negro. An overseer in an English coal mine, where women and children are harnessed like horses, and driven almost or quite naked to their work in long galleries, where they cannot stand upright, and never see the light of day, or an English manufacturer, who has under his care young and tender children, who breathe a vitiated atmosphere, and distort themselves among the machinery till an early death relieves them, could very easily give such an account of the method of labor in their respective systems, as to keep out of sight all these horrible facts. So it is with Slavery. Our correspondent is telling that which nobody will dispute, and which, *were it all* there is to be told, would go far to establish one fact, namely, that the *physical* condition of the slave is not so intolerable as it is sometimes supposed to be. I hope, by-and-bye, he will go more into detail, and give us information which he thinks we so much need as to the actual condition of the slave,—his intellectual and moral condition, his food, his clothing, and the care taken of the sick, the aged, and the young, his lodging, his privileges, his punishments, his rewards, his incentives to labor, his marital and parental rights, his rights of citizenship, of life, of self-defence, and the power of the master, his system of government, his responsibility to the law,—and not simply how many hours the slave labors, and how his task is divided. But doubtless all these things, and many more, will appear in good time, and when they do, I may have a comment or two to make upon them.

In the present letter there is nothing of consequence to dispute. One or two facts deserve, however, to be noted.

First, If these people are as intelligent as our friend would make them, so that "it is astonishing to see with what fairness and equality they can divide and subdivide almost any kind of work among themselves," why hold them as slaves? If they are capable of doing all this as slaves, when laboring for another without wages, could they not take care of themselves as freemen, when working for pay, and for their own support? And again, if they prefer task-work, because they wish to have their duties precisely defined, and hope thereby to gain a little time for themselves by hard labor, how would they do if a further incentive were offered of a stipulated sum per day for work, with the other privileges which naturally belong to a free people?

Second, Their hours of labor are usually from sunrise to sunset, breakfasting before they go, on food prepared the night before, and taking their dinners with them.—Everything they do for themselves, then,—including all their preparation of food,—must be done at night, after their day's toil in the field is over.

Third, All are field hands—men, women, boys and girls—and for all that appears, no discrimination is made for the physical differences of sex. Though, to be sure, "breeding women,"—mark the term—are excluded from ploughing. This is important in connection with the second fact, inasmuch as household cares are to be attended to in the night-time, and fall on all alike—or worse still, on the women alone. Or have slaves no household cares?

I thank our friend for this glimpse at Slavery. He will pardon me for placing such facts as these by themselves as we go along.—G.

Meeting in Bucks County.

It is refreshing to everybody to get out of this crowded city and breathe the fresh air of the country, and feel its pure and invigorating influence. All who remember anything of the mother tongue which nature teaches, the common language of humanity, are glad to be out of hearing of the confusion of tongues which selfishness, and wretchedness, and crime, has created in this great Babel. When I fall into the living stream that pours up Nassau street every night at sun-set, and mark the clouded and care-worn brow of the merchant who has left his spirit in his counting-house, while he carries his body home to eat and sleep, wondering how he will meet his next day's notes; or watch the poor Irish laborer with his hod hanging over his tired shoulder; or the mechanic hurrying from his work-shop, glad that the day's toil is over; or the pale seamstress or book-binder's girl, with her kettle over her arm in which she had carried her scanty dinner that she might lose the less time from her ill-paid labor; or the thousand others who hardly know where the next day's bread is to come from; I feel that it would be well for all these could they exchange the hot pavement for the green grass, the dead brick walls for the living trees, and the confused turmoil of the busy multitude for the song of birds and hum of insects. It is not good for us to be crowded together here in masses. Not physical only, but moral disease is engendered by such close contact. We cannot look upward, even to the glimpse of heaven which the high brick walls will show us, lest our neighbors run over us, and we bury the earth out of our sight beneath the stones as if nature were dead, and we had laid her in her grave. It would be well could we flee to the country, but poor creatures of want, and hard necessity, and unpaid toil, or at best of duties which others' wrongs enjoin upon us, we must delve on with what content we may in these huge charnel houses of human souls. But I did not mean to say all this when I began the paragraph.

I meant to say that an Abolitionist in New-York, who does not know in this three hundred thousand people, the faces of half-a-dozen Anti-Slavery friends, finds not only great pleasure in a trip to the country, but in a country meeting. The Abolitionists are not among the wealthy of the land—I had almost thanked Heaven for it, when I remembered what great things we would do, if we only had the money!—for they are always buying new "yokes of oxen;" nor among the very poor, for they have to think too much of their own distress to remember very often the distresses of others; but they are the farmers and mechanics of the country, whose hearts too much attrition has not hardened. It is indeed refreshing to the tired spirit to get away from the pro-slavery influences of a city like this, out into the invigorating moral atmosphere which such people create around them, and gain new strength for the conflict by intercourse with men and women whose hearts beat high for freedom, and who in thought and deed are foremost in all the great reforms of the day.

A New Englander, I shall be pardoned for sometimes comparing meetings in other places with those I have been accustomed to attend in my native State. So far as my experience goes, in Pennsylvania they are of the same character, and governed by the same spirit, as those of Massachusetts. In describing one, all are described. This at Newtown, Bucks county, was a favorable specimen. Were it not for the sedate and milder influences around us, which are inevitable where the Friends predominate, I should have thought myself at home. Their native speakers have no less of earnestness, but more of solemnity than the Yankees, and if so apposite, and nothing to amuse is ever elicited, it is not because there is not deep feeling. There is the same free interchange of thought, the same freedom of debate and of rebuke there as in New England, and as indeed there is everywhere in Anti-slavery gatherings, for an "old organized" anti-slavery meeting is necessarily a free one. There is the same earnest and untiring attention, and the same intelligence in the audience, and indeed one would see no difference in outward seeming, were it not for the simple garb of the Quakers.

But I make no comparison, because I deem New England Anti-Slavery better than any other. Some slight difference must exist from the differing characters of the people, and because in Massachusets the anti-slavery sentiment has been longer and more widely diffused among the people. Truth is the same everywhere, and nothing tends so much to assimilate us, as a deep and abiding principle like that of anti-slavery, which so moulds the whole moral and intellectual character. An Anti-Slavery meeting, then, in Pennsylvania, is just like an Anti-Slavery meeting in Massachusetts, with only such difference as the old environment of Quakerism in the one case, and of Presbyterianism in the other, has given a more or less unbending shape to the man.

The meeting at Newtown was held on Saturday week last. It was convened in the morning, in a beautiful grove, but a shower coming up at noon, we were scattered. We had our pic-nic, nevertheless, as we dined in wagons, and under umbrellas, none the less merrily and contentedly for a little wetting. In the afternoon we went to a free meeting-house in the village, when, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a respectable audience as to numbers, was gathered. The pro-slavery of the town, if there is any there, did not show itself, so we depended upon our own internal heat for excitement; and it was not wanting. The disunion doctrine was preached, and apparently found a response in all present; at least nobody cried "treason!" and not three persons left during the whole session. A collection was taken up for the Eastern Pennsylvania Society, or rather pledges were made if the house and collected on the door-step, as the grant for the use of the house for public meetings is made on condition that no money shall be collected in it except to pay the expenses of the meeting. The method taken by our friends to collect funds, struck me as rather keeping to the letter, than the spirit of the regulation, but as it was taken at the suggestion of one of the trustees, I supposed the people had concluded it to be a "letter which killeth," though not a "spirit which maketh alive."

The meeting was continued through a part of the next day, (Sunday,) and was a large one, notwithstanding there are five churches in the place, and notwithstanding the minister of one of them, had recently delivered a sermon wherein he made a defence of Slavery, from the Word which he was ordained to preach. The Church became naturally the topic of discourse, and Charles C. Burleigh made a masterly exposure of its pro-slavery character.

The meeting throughout was an exceedingly interesting and satisfactory one. Its only fault was that it was too short, as probably not one of the speakers,—who were Mahlon Litson, Purvis, Burleigh, Davis, Remond, and myself—but had much more to say had there been time, and others would have spoken but for the same reason. But the Abolitionists of Newtown and its vicinity, are not of that class that need much talking to, as they all seem to be hearty and earnest workers in the cause. A few such spirits in every county, as some of the women there, would soon revolutionize a State.—G.

This Week's Paper.

The long letters of Governor Hammond are finished this week. I do not recollect a more ingenious defence of Slavery, nor one more easily answered, from the fact that it is so palpably and openly wicked. Governor Hammond has the honest audacity and the audacious dishonesty to defend Slavery as positively right. He has the logical consistency to make his whole argument hang upon this premise, and for this defence, atrocious as it is is far more deserving of respect than men who, starting from the opposite point, come to the same conclusion—that the system is not to be meddled with. It is a cheering sign that the friends of Slavery are driven to a discussion of the subject, and obliged to maintain the doctrine of its inherent rightfulness. Let it be a fair battle on this ground,—is Slavery right or wrong, and if right to be supported, if wrong to be immediately abolished,—and the victory is half gained. The letters are valuable auxiliaries, inasmuch as they present in the strongest light the pro-slavery side of the argument, and may be a text book wherewith to try Northern abettors, who must adopt its conclusions or ours.

The letter from Brazil will be read with interest. It is said to be written by a brother of the Rev. Dr. Cheever, the editor of the Evangelist. It is gratifying to know that a Minister of the United States is making researches into the character of the Slave-Trade, and sending the result of his efforts to the Government at Washington. It would have been more gratifying still, had he remained at home, and attended to the same business.

On the fourth page will be found the interesting story of Philip Catesby, from the last Liberty Bell, by Edmund Quincy. I publish it just now at the request of several friends in Pennsylvania. It will be finished next week. In the next paper the continuation of the story of Marie, which was omitted last week, for want of copy, and this to make room for Philip Catesby, will be resumed. We shall commence soon, also, the republication of Dawn Island, a tale by Miss Martineau, written for the Anti-Corn-Law Bazaar, held in London, in May last. It has not been republished in this country.

"*The Unconstitutionality of Slavery.*" I have received from the publisher, Bela Marsh, 25 Cornhill, Boston, a pamphlet with this title, which will be noticed at length hereafter. It is by Lysander Spooner. A few copies for sale at this office.

☞ Public meetings have been held in Cincinnati and Pittsburg, to express the sympathy of the citizens for C. M. Clay, and their abhorrence of the conduct of the people of Lexington.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: Impromptu on passing the Highlands of the Hudson by moonlight. Lines, by Mrs. E. J. Eames. *Miscellany*: Philip Catesby. The Value of a Fine Lady.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery*: Gov. Hammond's Letter on Southern Slavery (*concluded*). *Selections*: Cases of Conscience—Political Abolitionism (*concluded*). Education in the Slave States. Letter from Brazil.

SECOND PAGE.—*Selections*: Difficulties in the way of Emancipation. From the War Quarter. *Communications*: Letter from South Carolina.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

From the New Orleans Tropic of the 19th.

From Texas.

The Texas brig, Rover, Captain Jacques, which left Galveston on the 12th, arrived here yesterday morning. Through the politeness of Captain Jacques, we have received the Civilian of the 9th, but it contains nothing new.

The Civilian is indignant at the movements of "certain restless men" in Texas, to subvert the *existing Government*, and thereby vents its bile in a column of vituperation against those who would have the Convention place a State Government in operation before its adjournment. As, in our paper of the 11th, we published a paragraph from the News, urging what the Civilian condemns, we give the following from the last-named paper:

"We have already in successful operation a Government suited to our present wants and condition—and one fully competent to the regulation of our local affairs, until the acceptance of our Constitution by the United States. Even allowing that it might be suddenly changed or abrogated without confusion, we can see no benefit to be secured from such a measure. Granting that one equally as good could be substituted—nothing would be gained. But we cannot conceive how such a measure is to be accomplished without disorder and collision.

"The present Government is based upon a Constitution formed and ratified by the people. Its successor must have these sanctions, and also that of the United States Congress, in order to give it validity. Until these prerequisites are obtained, the present authorities would be unfaithful to their trust, to abandon the offices they fill; or cease to discharge the functions for which they were selected."

By the arrival, last evening, of the brig Hope Howes, Captain Shaw, from Galveston, we have received the "News" of the 12th, but it does not contain one word of intelligence, save the following, in relation to the growing crops:

"The accounts of the cotton crop which we have heard from the interior, still continue favorable, although the late drouth is beginning to affect it injuriously. In some few places the cotton is suffering from lice, and the bolls are beginning to fall. In Jefferson and the contiguous counties, the crops are said to have been cut short nearly half by the drouth, while in Western Texas, the rains have been very seasonable, and the crops were never better."

The Negro Pardoned.—The Norfolk papers state that James Smith, under sentence of death for an assault, with intent to kill, on Reuben Frethy, mate of the bark Calisto, has been pardoned by the Governor; the jury in pronouncing him guilty having recommended him to the Executive clemency. The law which declares an assault with intent to kill, by a slave or free colored person, on a white person, punishable with death, was passed at the session of the Legislature immediately following the Southampton affair, and was conceived to be only justifiable by the extreme necessity of the case at the time.—But after a lapse of fourteen years, during which the excitement caused by that dreadful affair has subsided, it is viewed with different feelings, and it may be difficult to find a jury to render a verdict of guilty without a recommendation of the offender to the mercy of the Executive; and thus the criminal in almost every case may escape with only a short confinement in jail. It would therefore seem wise to repeal the law, and leave the offender to a more equitable punishment.—*Sun.*

NOTICES.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Are you ready, dear friends, to commence with us preparations for the Pennsylvania Fair of 1845? Warm hearts and active hands we would enlist, at this early period, that no time may be lost which might be profitably spent in this service. Information respecting what is to be done, it can scarcely be necessary to offer to those who, year by year, have been laboring side by side with us in this department of Anti-Slavery toil, and whose skill and ingenuity have been again and again proved. We want whatever liberal souls will devise, and ready hands execute. The Committee commence their efforts this year with the hope of making the Fair superior to those of preceding years, but this hope cannot, of course, be realized, without your diligent and hearty co-operation. On this we rely. Need we urge upon you motives to action? The slave has found no respite from his sufferings shall we seek respite from our labors in his behalf? Trusting that you are as ready for this work as ourselves, we suggest that you should immediately begin to inquire what you can give or do for this purpose, and how you can best enlist the services of your friends and neighbors.

Poetry.

From the Plebeian.

IMPROMPTU

ON PASSING THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON BY MOONLIGHT.—By B. Hallock.

Moonlight upon the mountains!
Their shadows on the stream;
'Tis beautiful—'tis beautiful,
As childhood's sunny dream
It moves the heart like music
In some lone cathedral heard,
When first life's crystal waters
By sorrow's hand are stirred.

The sybil leaves of memory,
The records of the past,
The fret-work of existence,
The first love—and the last;
Life's sunshine and its cloud,
The tempest and the breeze,
Each dim memorial of the past
Revive 'mid scenes like these.

How beautiful, how glorious,
Each lofty mountain's brow,
Springs up to greet the coming
Of our gallant little prow;
The silvered stream beneath,
The star-lit crag above us,
The hush of evening slumbering,
On ripple and on leaf.

The mountain gorge, the valley,
The fisher's cot, the isle:
The zephyr sweetly playing,
Like beauty's sunny smile;
These with their spells are round us,
We feel their magic power;
It bows the haughty spirit,
As the tempest bows the flower.

It falls upon the heart
Like spring showers on the earth,
And calls each flower of feeling
From its hidden recess forth;
While busy fancy playing
With the shadows on the wave,
Rolls back the misty curtain
From the confines of the grave.

And the mirrored glory breaking
In soft and silver tones,
Fills the teeming mind with visions
Of the bright and shining ones;
And from the silent temples
Whose secret shrines are fed
By love—sweet incense burneth
To the unforgotten dead.

On—on—the scene is changing,
New glories 'round us rise,
As o'er the shining waters
Our fairy vessel flies;
'Tis changing still, yet beautiful;
Each headland, rock, and bay,
New visions spread around us,
Our onward course to stay.

But like life's eventful journey,
The fleeting dream must end,
One lingering look among the hills,
And on our course we wend;
Away—away—my gallant bark,
The fairy scene is past;
No more the shadows of the hills
Around the path is past.

From the Weekly Tribune.

LINES.—By Mrs. E. J. Eames.

"When the Sexton went to open a grave-yard for a funeral one morning, he found there a Slave Mother digging a grave for her infant which lay by her side *shroudless* and *coffinless!* The mistress of that mother had sent her thus, to bury her child, refusing to buy grave clothes or a coffin."—*E. Needham.*

I.

O, weeping woman of the dark-brow'd race!
Is it in very truth *thy* child—*thine own?*
Can that cold, stark, unyielding form and face,
Be flesh of thine own flesh, bone of thy bone?
No shroud or coffin for the tender thing,
And thou—a *woman*—scooping out its grave!
The heart of mercy bleeds to see thee fling
The broken earth o'er one thou'dst die to save—
Yet *not* thine own—no mother could be here
Interring her own dead! Alas—thou lookest drear.

II.

Ah, yes! that ice-cold baby oft hath lain
Nestling and warm, O, desolate! on thy bosom.
Thine ever-wearing lot of toil and pain,
Hath oft been lighten'd by that perished blossom;
Perchance thou *stolest the time* to watch beside
The little sufferer in its dying hour,
Struggling thy tears of agony to hide
From cruel eyes that had eternal power
To wound with heartless scorn, and jeer, and jest,
The sacred sorrows of the sore bereaved breast.

III.

And O, no Priestly hand God's Book displays
In this sick hour of dying hope to cheer thee—
No human eye the burial rite surveys,
Save that the hireling sexton chanceth near thee.
And while thou summon'st strength from thy despair
To bid thee in this last most solemn task,
Thy *mistress* doth in awful mockery wear
Her Maker's image as a screening mask!
She sent thee groaning 'neath maternal woe;
She knew that thou wert made in God's own likeness too.

IV.

Yet still the passionate pulses of thy heart,
O, mourning mother! there is joy for thee!
Thy buried babe hath now nor lot nor part
In thy sad bondage—lo! thy child is FREE!
Free as the white-winged messengers of Heaven
In whose glad company it soareth now—
A precious ransom for its soul is given
Above all *human price!* then droop not thou,
Though doom'd for years the *Christian's slave* to be,
Yet in yon righteous Heaven is forg'd no chain for thee.

July, 1845.

RUTH.

By Thomas Hood.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the Sun,
Who many a glorious kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

Miscellany.

From the Liberty Bell, for 1845.

PHILIP CATESBY, OR A REPUBLIC'S GRATITUDE.

By Edmund Quincy.

It was a magnificent day in the autumn of 1776; one of the divinest specimens of weather ever afforded even by a Virginian October. The yellow glow of the departed sun, shorn of his fiercer beams as he journeyed farther and farther from the earth, shed a Claude-like glory upon the noble river, the cultivated plains, primeval forests, the distant mountains, which composed the superb prospect from the ancestral home of the Catesbys. The delicious haze, not amounting to the "smoky light" of more northern latitudes, rather softened than obscured the landscape. The rushing James, not yet expanded into arm of the sea, swept gallantly around three sides of the bluff on which the house stood, and suggested its name of Presqu'Ile. From its peninsular position it gave you a view for miles of the broad river, its blue extent of waters diversified here and there by a snowy sail, or broken by a flashing oar. It was a noble situation, scarcely to be surpassed in the world for the splendid beauty which nature had lavished upon it.

The house itself was one that in America would be called old; dating, perhaps, from the middle of the preceding century; and had been the home of several generations of the Catesbys, since the original emigrant sought a refuge in Virginia from the impending storm that hurried the first Charles from a throne to the block. It was of rough stone, and of a somewhat peculiar construction. It was, in fact, *two* houses, separated at once and united by a hall of half the height of the wings. In one of the wings the family resided. The other was reserved for the accommodation of the crowds of guests, whose entertainment, at certain seasons, formed an essential part of the hospitality of the time. The edifice was not absolutely out of repair, but it had a scarcely perceptible air of dilapidation, which made the spectator feel that its best days were past. The grounds, too, consisting of a lawn sloped artificially towards the river's brink, and embraced by spreading shrubberies, and dotted with clumps of trees, though not positively neglected, lacked that trim and exact neatness which is the pride of the English and the New England country gentleman. The garden behind the house was large and well stocked, but the quaint devices of its hedges of box and yew had given place to a ragged luxuriance, its formal walks were neglected and overgrown, and its dilapidated green-house served only as the shelter of garden tools. The stables, alone, and the adjacent kennel of fox-hounds, were in a state of complete and thorough repair. Altogether it gave one the impression of being the residence of a family which had begun to feel—though perhaps it would not acknowledge—the first rudiments of decay.

Mr. Catesby, the proprietor of Presqu'Ile, was a Virginian gentleman of the old school. He had strong sense, but his education had been imperfect. He was hearty in his hospitality, courteous in his address, keen in field sports, and careless in his affairs. He was proud of being a slaveholder, and instructed his overseer to treat his slaves well, according to the ideas of that time, but left the overseer to interpret and execute his commands according to the light of his own eyes. He had spent all his life in the colony, and devoutly thought that all the kingdoms of this world were small things when compared with the Ancient Dominion. He had been in various public offices, and was, during the chief of his life, one of the most loyal subjects of his Britannic Majesty. But in some unaccountable way his income began to fall off. He had less tobacco to consign to his London factor, and of course his London factor did not remit so large returns as formerly. He did not dream of attributing this falling off to the thriftless kind of labor which he had inherited from his fathers, and to the wasteful mode of culture which necessarily attended it. The troubles between the colonies and the mother-country soon suggested a satisfactory solution of the problem. It is always convenient to shift the burden of our follies, or mistakes, from our own shoulders to those of the Government. The dependence of the colonies upon Great Britain was the grand secret of the declining fortunes of the Old Dominion. The sundering of that dependence, and the establishment of an independent Government, constituted the grand panacea for the cure of all these ills. Nullification itself in our own days did not more surely promise renewed fertility to the exhausted lands of Carolina, than was independence to insure a fresh vitality to the "murdered lands" of Eastern Virginia. Mr. Catesby, of course, became a flaming patriot, and drank devoutly, every day, to Gen. Washington and the Continental Congress, instead of to the King and to the Church.

He had, however, given a stronger proof of his devotion to the cause, than his libations to its success; for he had consented to allow his only son to accept a commission in a regiment which had just been raised and despatched to the seat of war, then in the neighborhood of New-York. On the very day of which I write, a large company of the neighboring planters was assembled to bid a jovial farewell to the young Captain Catesby, who was to set forward on the morrow to join the army. Different men have different ways of conducting themselves in times of great mental trial. Some seek consolation in solitude, and some in crowds; some fly to religion, and some to the bottle for comfort. Mr. Catesby was not an unfeeling father. He felt keenly the loss which his son's society would make in his daily life, and he fully appreciated the fearful chances that were against his ever seeing him again. But his remedy against such evil thoughts was to fill his house with company, and drown care in jollity. Accordingly, for a week his house had been thronged with troops of friends, and each merry day crowned by a madder night. On this last day a fresh accession of guests had given a new impulse to the festivity, which was their only care. The morning had been devoted to the chase, and after a hard run they had returned victorious over poor Reynard, and the young soldier had carried off the honors of his brush.

With the proverbial zeal of hunters they addressed themselves to the serious business of the day. The dinner-table was spread in the hall, both because it was the only room capable of containing the party, and because it was the coolest and most airy of the house. It was of ample dimensions, adorned with the trophies and the weapons of sylvan warfare, but boasted of little other decoration of furniture or embellishment. The table groaned beneath the weight of a repast rather abundant and solid than sumptuous or elegant. Venison, butcher's meat, poultry, game, and the inevitable bacon and greens crowned the board with a barbaric plenty, unmarked by elegance of arrangement, or by scientific succession of courses. The appointments of the table were of the same heterogeneous description. The plate was solid and abundant, and showed to the eye of a *connoisseur* the antiquity of the family by the marks it bore of distant periods of purchase, but the china and glass, though expensive, were of disjointed sets, and not a little of it cracked and vilely pieced. But these *désagremens* disturbed not the equanimity of hosts or guests. They were the usual attendants of the slave-served and slovenly hospitality of the Old Dominion. As long as the cheer was plentiful, they heeded but little the inaccuracies of its service.

The company which surrounded the ample board, bore, many of them, the proudest of the historical names of Virginian history. The inhabitants of many a stately mansion, mirrored in the James, which has since gone to decay and ruin; many a provincial aristocrat, as proud of his lineage and his rank as the bluest-blooded grandee of Castile, but whose race is either extinct or the impoverished inhabitants of new countries; made up the festive assembly. The ruin which ever tracks the footsteps of Slavery had not yet overtaken the dwellers on the banks of the noble river which first saw its accursed plantation on the North American continent, but its dark shadow had already begun to fall chill and ominous upon their hearts. The founder of the feast occupied the foot of the table, while the head was adorned by the graceful presence of his only daughter, the beautiful Virginia Catesby. The onerous duties of mistress of the house, which the customs and the necessities of the time and country required of her, were most graciously and gracefully performed. The company were in the full dress of the time, such as the canvas of Reynolds and of Copley has made familiar to all England and America. The clothes of the gentlemen, and the dresses of the ladies were as fine as they could be made by the taste of the artists selected by their London correspondents, who duly forwarded them, with almost every other necessary of life, in the tobacco ships, which formed the connecting links between the two worlds. Perhaps an acute eye might detect a consciousness of unusual finery, an air as if their garments did not cleave kindly to their mould, which indicated that an accurate attention to their dress was rather the exception than the rule of their lives. Their manners, though a dash of provincial formality might be discerned in them, were punctiliously courteous and deferential. It was a merry and a hungry party, and if they lacked anything in refinement or elegance, they made amends for it by the heartiness of their enjoyment.

When the "sacred rage" of hunger was appeased, and the dessert succeeded to the more substantial viands, the important business of the feast proceeded. The ladies soon retired, and the guests closed up around their host, and set in for serious drinking. The generous juice of Madeira was then the wine of the country, and the only one for which the American taste was duly educated. The decanters circulated with alarming rapidity, and the mirth waxed fast and furious. In due time the decanters were displaced by a copious punch-bowl, fuming like a censer, the lemon-parings depending in graceful curls from its ample brim. This sacred vessel of our fathers' hospitable rites was solemnly passed from hand to hand, and mouth to mouth; for in those days the heresy of *ladies* had not crept within the pale of orthodox good-fellowship. As it performed its frequent rounds, was often drained and again replenished, the conversation grew more and more animated, though somewhat promiscuous. Politics, of course, was the chief topic of discourse. How glowed their patriotic fires! How their zeal for their injured country waxed hotter with every flowing bowl! What generous sentiments, what disinterested purposes were drank in with its genial inspiration! The largest liberty, the most unqualified equality of mankind, were insisted upon with all the zeal of devotion and of drink. Destruction to tyrants, and liberty to universal man, were the eloquent themes of their discourse. There was just enough allusion to the measures necessary to keep their own slaves in subjection during the conflict with England, and just enough discussion of the rural economies of flogging, starving, and branding, to give piquancy to their talk to a cynic who might delight in the spectacle of human inconsistency, or to surprise an uninitiated stranger who did not know that slaveholders are the most clamorous asserters of human rights; and that, in the words of Dr. Johnson, "the loudest *yelps* for liberty are ever heard from the drivers of slaves." But no such incongruous presence marred the harmony of the banquet.

At last, they who had survived this protracted session found their uncertain way to the ladies in the drawing-room, who were but too well used to such guests. When the tables had been cleared away, the company returned to the hall again, and under the enlivening influences of the violin of a musical slave, (and what slave is not musical?) these sons and daughters of Liberty ended the evening with a dance. Thus it was that the last hours of Edward Catesby, under his father's roof, were sped away.

While Farewell was putting on this jovial countenance in the great hall, there were other inhabitants of Presqu'Ile, to whom it assumed, if not so smiling, yet a not less rational aspect. The occupations of the banquet and the dance absorbing the young master and mistress for so many hours, their personal attendants, Philip and Clara, had a long leisure to spend in their way of leave-taking. They had stolen away from the other slaves to spend their last hours alone together,—for Philip was to attend his young master to the wars. He was of huge proportions—at least six feet and a half in height—broad-shouldered, muscular, erect; a fitting representative of the African Hercules. His face beamed with good humor, and with strong native sense and shrewdness. He had been a petted slave from infancy, and his spirit had not been broken by the grossest forms of Slavery's Protean cruelties. He loved and was proud of his master, for he had met with what the Emperor Alexander told Madame de Staël that his subjects had found in him—"a happy accident." Still, he was not without that native sense of his own right to himself, which is never extinguished in the most imbruted of Slavery's victims, however the fear of the lash may make them forswear it in the presence of their tyrants. The progenitors of Clara had been submitted to the "bleaching process," on which wise statesmen and grave divines rely for the abolition of Slavery, for a longer time than her darker lover, and she might easily have been mistaken for one of the favored Anglo-Saxon race. Indeed, it was well understood in the household, that her relationship to its master was not much more remote than that of her young mistress herself. None of the celebrated Quadroons of New Orleans surpassed her in the regular beauty of her features, in the transparent brown of her skin—scarcely darker than that of "Spain's dark-glancing daughters"—or in the elastic elegance of her form.

They sat apart and talked of their hopes and their prospects. The grief of the young man, at the parting, was somewhat affected by the enlivening anticipation of new scenes and unknown adventures; and a little mitigated, perhaps, by the recollection of his new Continental livery of buff and blue.—Their ideas were not very distinct as to the object of the fighting in which he was to take part; but it was none the less animating to him, or fearful to her. "What is this weary war about, Philip?" "Why, the masters say that it is for liberty; that it is to drive King George's Governors out of America." "For liberty!" exclaimed Clara, "then if you beat and drive the Governors away, we shall be all free!" Philip shook his head in some uncertainty, as he replied, "I am afraid it is only their own liberty that they are trying to get. I never heard them say anything about ours. And, besides, if they wanted to give us ours, there is no need of fighting about it; we are willing enough to take it." "But they will not, at any rate, keep you slaves, who help them to fight for their own liberties.—They are not so mean as that!" "Why, no," cried Philip, clapping his hands, as the new idea flashed into his mind, "Why, no, no more they will! I never thought of that before! If I behave myself well, I shall be sure of being freed myself, and then I can soon earn enough to buy you!" This gave a new hope to both their hearts. It made Philip more eager for the battles of freedom, and more than half reconciled Clara to the grief of parting with him for a season, and the fear of losing him forever. It gave a fresh impulse to their talk, and many were the plans they formed for the enjoyment of their anticipated freedom—for the trade of castle-building is not monopolized by the favored race.—Many a castle is built in the air by dwellers on the plains, or by the river-sides of the South, which lures them away from those lands of the Sun to the bleak and wintry regions of New England or of Canada. Those parting moments, though sad, were yet pleasing to the souls of those two young slaves. For though slaves, they were young, and loving, and hopeful. Thank Heaven, there is no draught commended to mortal lips so bitter, not even Slavery, the bitterest of all, that cannot be tempered by the cordial drops of Youth, Hope, and Love!

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Captain Catesby, attended by Philip, reached the army of Independence during the disastrous days succeeding the battle of White Plains and the taking of Fort Washington. They shared in the gloomy retreat through the Jerseys, when it seemed indeed as if all were lost. They crossed the Delaware on the night of the ever memorable passage, and partook in all the hardships and dangers of that melancholy time. They enjoyed, too, the gleams of sunshine which the successes of Trenton and Princeton shed upon the desponding hearts of the friends of America. The frank and courteous bearing of Edward Catesby, joined to the alacrity with which he exposed himself to danger, and the cheerfulness with which he encountered hardships, and privations yet harder to be borne, made him a favorite with all ranks of the army, from the Commander-in-Chief, who was the hereditary friend of his family, down to the humblest private of his command. Philip, too, attracted no small attention by his gigantic stature, his herculean strength, his desperate courage, and his imperturbable good humor. He was almost as notorious a person in the army as the General himself. Every one had a good word to speak to and of Captain Catesby's Philip. He was well known to be one on whose courage and discretion perfect reliance might be placed, and he was often employed on services which history has no room to record, but which are often the secret springs of her great events, and which were attended with as great dangers and required as much tact and resolution as more brilliant and better rewarded achievements. Often was he despatched at midnight to steal up to the enemy's out-posts, and to ascertain their exact position, when such knowledge was indispensable to some sudden movement in the dark hour that precedes the dawn. Often was he sent with verbal messages, which, perhaps, determined the fate of battles and the destinies of the country, to the commanders of distant divisions, whose position rendered an open communication difficult, and exposed the secret messenger to the imminent peril of being cut off by the enemy.

And many were the narrow escapes he had, on such occasions, as he evaded, by mere swiftness of foot, amid a shower of bullets, the alarmed pickets of the British army; or dexterously saved himself by his early experience in woodcraft, from the hot pursuit of the mounted *videttes*, clattering over the frozen ground, by betaking himself to the neighboring forests. In such adventures he delighted. The consciousness of courage and skill, and the gratification of being trusted and employed in matters of moment, added a feeling of gratified pride to his strong natural love for excitement and adventure.—But, above all, it was the secretly cherished hope that he should work out his own freedom, while thus giving himself to the achievement of that of America, that nerved his heart and quickened his ingenuity, whether engaged in the open field, or employed in his more secret and more hazardous duties. This hope animated him in action, and gilded the midnight hours of secret service. Dreams of freedom and of Clara attended him on his solitary scouts, and were only dispersed for a moment by the smoke and turmoil of the battle-field, to gather again around him as soon as the "rapture of the strife" was past. His duties, like those of the other officers' servants, were two-fold; as a personal attendant upon his master, and as a soldier of the line. Though he was excused from such of the daily duties of the common soldier as were inconsistent with his attendance upon his master, still, as soon as the army was to go into action, he fell into his place in the ranks again, and took his full share in the burden and heat of the day. In those times there was no prejudice that made the white soldier shrink from the neighborhood of his black comrade; nor was there any shame felt by freemen, battling for their own liberties, at having the fight shared, and perhaps won, by the blood and the courage of *Slaves*.

Notwithstanding the successes of Princeton and Trenton, the prospects of the triumph of the Continental arms seemed dubious even to the most sanguine. Sir William Howe had out-manœuvred the American General, and compelled him to engage on disadvantageous terms, or to leave Philadelphia, then the seat of the Continental Government, open to his attack. After a variety of skirmishing and manœuvring, under a heavy cannonade from the British artillery, the division under Lord Cornwallis, having the Brandywine on their left, engaged the American division of General Sullivan. The conflict was severe for a time, but at length the American troops began to retire in confusion. The advantage was warmly pressed by the enemy. The retreat was fast becoming a rout. The Eighth Virginia regiment, to which Catesby belonged, was in the division of General Greene, with which the Commander-in-Chief himself had taken his station. It was ordered to move up to the support of the yielding troops.—But all reinforcement came too late to turn the tide of the battle. The Eighth Regiment came into action in the very hottest of the fight. The company of Catesby, being on the right flank, was opposed to the fiercest of the assault of the British troops, as they pressed forward, flushed with success. It was in vain to attempt to stem the fury of the tide of hot pursuit. All they could do, was, in some degree, to cover the retreat of their discomfited comrades, slowly giving ground themselves. Suddenly a foreign officer, in the bloom of youth, but dressed in the uniform of a Continental Major General, dashes between the pursuing and retreating armies, attended by a small but brilliant *cortège*. In imperfect English, and in emphatic French, he entreats the soldiers to rally and face the enemy again. He exposes himself to the thickest of the fire—waving, with his *chapeau*, the retreating Americans towards the foe. At last, finding his entreaties vain, he springs from his horse, and, drawing his sword, puts himself at the head of the division moving towards the advancing British, and endeavors, by his example, to urge a renewal of the conflict. But all was in vain. Flight, which ever waits upon modern battle-fields, as well as those of Homeric song, had fully possessed the souls of the soldiers of Liberty. They continued to give way, and the British soldiers to press nearer and nearer upon their steps. The young officer is in imminent peril. He refuses to remount his horse, and, in the excitement of the battle, is not conscious of a wound, of which he carried the effects through a long life to the grave. The British grenadiers are close upon him. Their bayonets thirst for his blood. It seems scarcely possible that he can escape with life. At this point of time, however, a man, taller and brawnier than the stoutest of the grenadiers, throws himself between them and their destined prey. By dint of mere strength of arm he describes a magic circle with his bayonet, and maintains it against overwhelming numbers. His formidable size, and gallant feats of arms, struck even the enemy with surprise not unmingled with admiration. But no man, since Amadis of Gaul, has been able to keep an army at bay, or to turn the scale of victory by his single arm. In a few minutes the new champion was obliged to give way and follow—though wounded in more places than one, but with his face to the foe—the footsteps of his retreating companions. But the object of his diversion was effected. The young officer, seeing that his efforts were vain, was persuaded to mount his horse, and, with the blood oozing from the top of his boot, he rode slowly from the field. That officer was the Marquis de la Fayette, and that soldier was Philip Catesby, the Slave.

General Lafayette inquired the name of the sable champion who had fought so gallantly under his eye, and sent him a liberal donative as a mark of his approbation. He also begged of Captain Catesby the boon of his freedom; justly observing that so brave a soldier of liberty at least ought to be a free man. Captain Catesby assured him that his request should be laid before his father, and that he did not doubt that it would be complied with. Whether it were forgetfulness, or the vanity of *owning* so brave a man, I cannot tell, but the application was never made. After the recovery of General Lafayette from his wound, Captain Catesby was invited to dine with him at head-quarters, where, among other things, the conversation turned upon the prowess of Philip on the eleventh of September.—The Commander-in-Chief, addressing Captain Catesby, but with a courteous inclination of the head towards the gentleman on his right hand, said, "Catesby, your boy," (a slave is always *a boy*, though he be seven feet high and a hundred years old,) "your boy has been, perhaps, the salvation of your country." Captain Catesby bowed, and felt as much gratified as if it had been a personal compliment to himself. Such is the effect of man-ownership even upon intelligent and generous natures!

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The war was over. The battle was fought and won. Such Liberty as the Revolution could secure, was accomplished. The army was at length disbanded, and they dispersed to endeavor to recover what they could of the habits of peace. Amongst the rest, Colonel Catesby (for such was his rank at the end of the war) returned to his paternal halls, accompanied by the faithful Philip. He returned disappointed in an undue military ambition, to a home that had but few charms to console him for the public consideration of which he thought he had been unjustly deprived. His father was dead and his sister married, and he had succeeded to a decaying estate. He found his house scarcely habitable, his grounds a tangled wilderness, his farm an unprofitable burden. Everything had gone wrong since his father's death. The estate had been badly managed, the expenditures had been extravagant, the returns little or nothing. Peace and Independence had wrought no such miracles as had been hoped from them. Public and private debt sat heavily on the souls of the people. It seemed as if there were no hope of extrication. Many were disposed to believe that it was a mere chimera that they had endured so much.

Colonel Catesby was not a man to struggle through such a tide of misfortunes. His habits of business, if he ever had any, were entirely dissipated by six years and more in the camp. His temper was naturally good; though sudden to anger yet soon to be appeased; and, in favorable circumstances, he would have gone through life an amiable man. But his military experiences and disappointments had not fitted him for the solitude, or for the occupations, to which he found himself suddenly condemned. His early education had been neglected, and his life in the field had not improved what was originally imperfect. Without companionship, without literary taste or mental resources, with a wasting fortune, and with the bitter consciousness of being the last of an honorable house, it is not surprising that his temper should have become soured and furious. He had brought, too, other tastes and habits from the wars which did not help to improve his character. Hard drinking, which was the universal practice of the day, and to which he had served a seven years' apprenticeship in the camp, was but too obvious a solace for his cares.—Habits of solitary drunkenness crept upon him, and, in the course of a few years, the elegant Edward Catesby had exchanged his courteous, affable, soldier-like address for the demeanor of a morose, brutal, drunken savage. He could still, at times, when cast for a season into the company of his equals, resume a remnant of his former bearing; but within the boundaries of his petty tyranny, he was a despot worthy of a wider sphere.

Of the ill effects of this change of character in his master, Philip, of course, felt his full share. He indeed found Clara still faithful to him, and their union was celebrated, soon after the peace, with all the rites of the church, as was often done in the case of favorite slaves. He was promoted to be the overseer of the estate,—Colonel Catesby's declining fortunes not permitting the employment of a white man. They lived in a small cottage, close to the mansion-house, which had been the habitation of the last overseer, before he retired from office.—Their happiness was only clouded by the uncertain violence of their master's temper, by the melancholy sense of the ruin that was stealing over the house to which they felt the strong attachments of the African race, and the doubtful tenure by which a slave ever feels that he holds his dearest blessings. Three sufficient drawbacks, truly! But their constitutional cheerfulness and hopefulness bore up their hearts, and enabled them to snatch many an hour that might be called contented and happy.—Their thirst for freedom, indeed, was stronger than ever; especially when they looked upon the children that were springing up around them. They longed to be the owners of themselves and their offspring; and the hope of yet seeing that blessed day, formed no mean ingredient in their cup of satisfactions.—Philip had not failed to recal to his master's mind the promises he had held out during the days of danger that they had shared together, and to claim their fulfilment. At first he was put off from time to time with fair words, and various excuses; but, as Colonel Catesby's temper waxed worse and worse, his importunities were received with imprecations, and he was commanded to desist from them if he desired a continuance of favor, or wished ever to see the accomplishment of his hopes. So poor Philip and Clara had perforce to possess their souls in patience, and to bide their time, as best they might.

As years rolled on, matters grew worse instead of better at Presqu'Ile. The incomes diminished yearly, and debt and ruin gathered thick and lowering over its master. His slaves and plantation, instead of a source of profit, became a burden to him, and there was a time when he was nearly reduced to desperation. In course of years, however, the prospects of the country brightened. The natural elasticity of a young and fertile country threw off the weight with which the war had pressed down its energies, and it again became prosperous. The Constitution of the United States had given to slave-property the sanction and protection of the whole nation. But, above all, the culture of cotton gave a new impulse to that "peculiar species of property," as the demand for laborers increased. Then it was that the resources of Virginia began to be developed, and she was first distinguished as the breeding State. The Congo and Guinea of the model Republic were then first discovered upon the banks of the James and the Potomac; and were found so fruitful a source of wealth that in due time the foreign trade in slaves was punished as piracy, to secure a monopoly of the traffic to the chivalrous sons of the South,—the first example in our history of the protection of native industry! Colonel Catesby was not slow to avail himself of this new state of things. He easily overcame any nice, unnecessary scruples which either humanity or family pride might oppose to the sale of his hereditary bondsmen. They were annually picked over by the slave-traders, and the merchantable articles forwarded, "in lots to suit purchasers," to various portions of Columbia's happy land. His necessities, however, compelled a somewhat wasteful sale of his human cattle, so that every year his stock was found less and less valuable. So that this Godsend, after all, rather lingered out than cured his distresses.

One evening he and the slave-trader with whom he dealt were sitting together and cheating the time with brandy and pipes, for in those days cigars were not. He had sunk so low in his own esteem as to admit a slave-dealer to his table as an equal; a companionship which the proud Virginians of that day disdained. *Now*, the best blood and the proudest names of the Old Dominion are not ashamed to be engaged themselves in the same honorable branch of business. The brow of the master of the house was black, for he had not been able to effect sales that would meet his pressing emergencies. His negroes were all too old or too young for the market. As he sat moodily meditating over his condition, his companion suggested consolation. "Colonel, why don't you sell that strapping overseer of yours? I'll give you five hundred dollars for him." Catesby swore, with a tremendous oath, that he would never sell him. "O, well," replied the other, "I meant no offence. But whenever you incline to the bargain I'll give you *six* hundred for him." "I tell you I will never part with him," said Catesby. It was not long before the dealer in human flesh returned to the charge. "By the way, Colonel, you said that you want seven hundred dollars against next week. Now, as you have always dealt with me, I'll try to stretch a point in your favor. I'll give you *seven* hundred dollars for that boy; and that is as much as I ever did give for a nigger, and as much as I ever will give," said he, enforcing his speech with an oath, and holding up and shaking a bag of dollars by way of peroration. The temptation was strong; still Catesby resisted it for a time. But the eloquence of the trader and of the dollars, aided by brandy and distress, at last brought him to terms. Before the session ended, the bill of sale was signed, and the consideration paid down; for slave-trading was ever a ready money business. "I could not help myself, by ——," he exclaimed, as he poured down a bumper of raw brandy, and so, as many besides have done, "with necessity, the tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deed."

As soon as the bargain was completed, the trader took leave of his host, and, collecting his forces, proceeded to take speedy possession of his property. He surmised that he might meet with some resistance, and chose his time and took his measures accordingly. It was past midnight, and sleep and dreams of freedom brooded over the cottage of Philip. A knocking at the door aroused them. "Who is there?" "Your master wants you. Make haste!" The hateful presence of the slave-trader had been seen in that quarter the day before, and the prophetic heart of Philip boded ill. He seized a huge club before he opened the door, and was ready to stand on the defensive. As soon as he appeared, a satellite of the trader attempted to seize him, but was laid prostrate with a single blow. The principal, then stepping in, before Philip could recover his weapon again, cut him down with his hanger, with a scientific precision highly honorable to his skill and experience. The wound was so nicely dealt as to disable for the time without maiming him for life. He and his myrmidons then closed with him, and, after a vigorous resistance, succeeded in stretching him on the ground. The frantic Clara, with a slave's and a woman's instinct, knew, from the first, what had befallen them. She rushed to the side of her husband, and exhausted all the vocabulary of grief and despair to rescue him from his fate. She threw herself upon him, and, when thrust aside, clasped the knees of the slave-trader, and made the air resound with her agony and despair. The children, too, though not fully comprehending the nature of the calamity, helped to swell the chorus of tears and lamentation that went up to Heaven. But to the actors in the scene, these things were as if they were not. They proceeded to tie the hands and feet of their prisoner with as little concern as the butcher feels at the outcries of the herd of swine, when he has plunged his knife in the throat of one of their companions. When they had secured their victim, they carelessly brushed aside the clinging wife and children, and lifted him into a cart which stood ready at hand. Philip disdained to utter a cry or a remonstrance, for he knew how vain they would be, but what a throng of images of sorrow and despair crowded themselves into that moment of time! As they drove rapidly away, the wretched Clara, with one long shriek of agony, sunk senseless upon the ground, the terrified children clung screaming to their fallen mother. Such was the triumphal departure of one of the heroes of Seventy-Six from the State whose liberties he had vindicated with his blood!

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(*Remainder next week.*)

THE VALUE OF A FINE LADY.

A REMINISCENCE BY JOSEPH HUME.

Once I assisted at the *soiree dansante* of the Countess of Fritterfield. The most brilliant star in the galaxy of fashion was the young and lovely Marchioness of Fiddledale. I saw her dancing in the ball. Around her snowy brow were set five hundred pounds; for such would have been the answer of any jeweller to the question, "What are those diamonds worth?" With the gentle undulations of her bosom, there rose and fell exactly thirty pounds ten shillings. The sum wore the guise of a brooch of gold and enamel. Her fairy form was invested in ten guineas, represented by a strip of lilac satin; and this was overlaid by thirty guineas more in two skirts of white. Tastefully disposed down each side of the latter, were six half crowns; which so many bows of purple ribbon had come to. The lower margins of the thirty-guinea skirts were edged with eleven additional guineas, the value of some eight yards of silver fringe a quarter of a yard in depth. Her taper waste, taking zone and clasp together, I calculated to be confined to £40 sterling. Her delicately-rounded arms, the glove of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircled the little wrist may be said to have been adorned with twenty-two pounds five and sixpence, and putting the silk and satin at the lowest figure, I should say that she wore fourteen and six-pence on her feet. Thus, altogether, this thing of light, this creature of loveliness, was encased from top to toe, exclusively of little sundries, in six hundred and forty-eight pounds eleven shillings.

Education and Industry!

THE Northampton Association of Education and Industry have appropriated a suitable tenement for the accommodation of 15 or 20 boarding pupils. They will be members of a family, under the care of the Director of Education, assisted by his wife, and other teachers, and will be subject to the same treatment and regulations as pupils who are members of the association. The name of the association indicates the idea of culture, towards the realization of which our efforts will be directed. Systematic, habitual industry is deemed indispensable to education, which should aim at the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious tendencies in active, practical life.

We shall consider $100 a year as an equivalent for instruction and board; from which a suitable deduction will be made when a pupil comes for several years. The year will commence on the 1st of May, next, and will have no fixed and entire vacation. Pupils will be received for a year at any time.

O. MACK, *Director of Education.*

Broughton Meadows, }
Northampton, April 14, 1844. }

FREE CALICOES!

JUST received, 1 case fine calicoes. Also, 2 cases fine shirting muslins; together with a large assortmen of other free dry goods, at reduced prices, wholesale and retail. CHARLES WISE,

Northwest corner Arch and Fifth streets.
Philadelphia, 8th, mo. 17th 1843. tf.

Associated Agency.

Central Office, 20 Wall Street, (basement,) New-York.

THE attention of persons who are desirous of improving their condition in life, is respectfully invited to the following great bargains now offered in this office.

864 acres of land with improvements, in Lyonsdale, Lewis Co. N. Y. 40 miles north of Utica, with half of the immense water-power of High Falls, on Black River a large and never-failing stream, with sixty feet fall, with a saw-mill in operation. The whole, or a part will be sold Price for the whole only $12,000.

A farm of 750 acres of the best quality of land in Frederick Co. Virginia, 40 miles from Washington City, in a high state of cultivation, with superior buildings, including stock and farming utensils, for $25,000.

3,000 acres of valuable land in Luzerne Co. Pennsylvania, with improvements, water-power, &c. for $37,500

A large portion of the Town of Mount Carmel, Wabash Co. Illinois, with extensive tracts of land in the vicinity, including two villages, with Houses, Lots, Ferries Coal-Banks, and an abundance of water-power. Water communication by way of the lakes to New-York, and by the Mississippi to New Orleans.

A part of the town of Toolesborough, Louisa Co. Iowa, on the River Mississippi, with several thousand acres of land adjoining.

8,660 acres of first-rate rolling land in Lincoln Co. Missouri, on the Mississippi, 1,000 acres Prarie, the balance timbered land. Price $5,000.

20,000 acres of excellent farming land, very favorably situated in Hampshire Co. Virginia, at $2 an acre.

40,000 acres of choice selected land in Michigan, at $1 an acre.

2,500 acres of land in West Tennessee, Perry Co. will be sold, a great bargain.

60,000 acres, in Fentriss Co. Tennessee, in tracts varying from 1,000 to 5,000 acres each, of good farming land with Iron, Coal, Saltpetre, Epsom Salts, Copperas, and water-power.

214,000 acres in Washington, Green, Cock, Sevier and Blount counties, Tennessee, at 25 cents an acre. On these lands are Iron, Bituminous Coal, Fine Clay for Pottery, Feldspar, Quartz, Lime, Alum, and an inexhaustible supply of water-power.

Several of the above tracts of land are peculiarly adapted to the settlement of industrial Associations.

Also, for sale in this office, a great variety of Farms, Mills, Houses, Town-Lots, &c. in the different Counties of the States of New-York and New Jersey, and in all the Western States and Territories, at the lowest market prices, and with warranted title.

Having 26 Branch offices in the West, 9 in New England, and 4 in Europe, our Associated Agency offers the greatest facilities to persons wishing to buy, sell, or exchange Real Estate. All such are invited to command our services.

A principal object of the Association is, to put in practical operation a plan, by which persons wishing to purchase Real Estate of any description, may, with the least possible delay, trouble, or expense, be informed where they can find property for sale, adapted to their circumstances and wants; and by which the seller and, the buyer may be brought together, to make such transactions as may be mutually beneficial.

We have already a rich Register of property for sale to which we invite the attention of those who wish to purchase Real Estate of any description, or in